

The Psychological Review:

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NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THE "CHURCH QUARTERLY REVIEW" ON "SPIRITUALISM: ITS FACTS AND ITS FICTIONS."

The current number (January, 1882) of the *Church Quarterly Review* contains an article on Spiritualism entitled as above, and after a careful perusal, I confess I am scarcely surprised that Spiritualists generally should consider their position, founded as it is on hard and stubborn facts, almost if not altogether impregnable. If what is here brought forward is a fair sample of the worst that can be urged against the subject, there is nothing to fear. I feel I am not in any way going beyond the bounds of truth in characterising the line of argument as shallow and trivial in the extreme. The writer's acquaintance with the subject is evidently of the baldest and most superficial character; and moreover, under the guise of fair and considerate handling, doles out with no unsparing hand Jesuit-like insinuations which will, I think, mislead many who, glancing through the article with no previous knowledge of the question, will regard the statements there made as a calm and unbiased presentation of the facts of the case. Nothing could be wider of the truth, and were it not for the harm such papers do if allowed to remain unchallenged, the one before me would scarcely be worth notice.

Four books and one journal* have served the writer for a parable, but evidently he has either not taken the trouble to peruse these carefully, or he wilfully misrepresents them. For his reputation's sake this is to be regretted. If not better informed already, he will learn that it is no light matter to come forward to enlighten the British public upon a subject which perhaps more than any other demands as qualifications in those in those who handle it knowledge, precision, and modesty of statement. The deeper one studies, and the more one gets to know, the more does the earnest seeker after truth realise how little, after all, he knows of what yesterday, maybe, he thought he had at his fingers' ends.

But this standpoint is not arrived at "with a hop, skip, and a jump"—there are grades through which all, more or less, have to pass: perfect ignorance: perfect knowledge: and doubt as to the completeness of that knowledge. Our critic is evidently in the second stage: he knows all about it.

As usual in such cases, all he succeeds in doing is (1) to expose his own ignorance, and (2) the totally unfit frame of mind in which he comes to a consideration of his subject. Just one instance out of several in which the author while professing to discuss fairly the *pros* and *cons*, yet manages so to present a *portion of the truth* as to make it worse than a downright lie. My readers will pardon my using very plain language, and "calling a spade, a spade," but I feel and resent so strongly the tactics of *wilful* misrepresentation and calumny which he has thought fit to adopt, that I consider it a duty not only to expose such procedure, but also to speak in no measured terms concerning them.

The case in point is this, and here let me say that it also illustrates what I meant in my opening paragraph by "Jesuit-like insinuations." As most of my readers are probably well aware "Psychic Facts" contains, amongst other reprints, the article published some time since in the *Spiritualist* by Dr. Crowell of Brooklyn, in which he refutes upon undoubted official statistics the calumnious assertion of Dr. Forbes Winslow that "nearly ten thousand persons having gone insane on the subject, are confined in the asylums of the U.S.A." The *Church Quarterly* reviewer reproduces this statement, merely adding in face of the overwhelming testimony to the contrary in Dr. Crowell's article, that "more recent investigations have not, however, borne out this extreme statement which is probably (though not unfounded) more than the facts supposed." Precisely so. But why leave readers to suppose, as they would naturally do, that though slightly exaggerated, Dr. Winslow's statements were in the main true? That is what nine people out of ten would conclude

* "Transcendental Physics" (Johann C. F. Zöllner), "Psychic Facts" (Edited by W. H. Harrison), *The Spiritualist* newspaper, "What Am I" (Ed. W. Cox, Serjeant-at-Law), and "A New Basis of Belief in Immortality" (John S. Farmer).

from the remark. As a matter of fact (and the *Quarterly Review's* critic cannot failed to have noticed it had he even casually read the report of Dr. Crowell's investigations), so far from 10,000 people being confined in the American asylums through Spiritualism, that is, thirty-three and a third per cent. of the total number, not more than a quarter per cent. of the aggregate—30,000—were confined in such institutions from this cause. The report was void of truth in the first place, and it could hardly have been from any spirit of fair dealing that it was again brought forward in an intellectual game of skittles to do duty against Spiritualism, when the official statistics of Dr. Crowell's refutation were before the writer to prove the contrary. Of course Spiritualists will readily understand his motive, which, however, I do not think it worth while to particularise here, save to say that if churchmen think Spiritualism is to be fought with such weapons as these, the sooner they find out their mistake the better, and in the meantime they must not be surprised if the more unthinking and uneducated of Spiritualists reason that as their arguments are founded on misstatements and misrepresentation of facts, there is no reliance to be placed in anything they teach.

I have before now alluded to this very point. Spiritualists have more than once been charged with being, as a class, antagonistic to Christian teaching and influence. This is true to a certain extent (I hope any future Church Quarterly or other reviewer will quote *all* my statement and not wrest it from its context in order to make it mean something entirely different)—this, I say, is true to a certain extent, but only so far as so-called Christian teachers have used methods and modes of argument similar to that I have noticed. I do not say anything that cannot be distinctly proved when I assert that the Christian Church as represented, or rather misrepresented by those who are not ashamed to use such stab-in-the-dark arguments, is directly responsible for this antagonism. And, it must be remembered that Spiritualism, through the hard and matter of fact evidence which it supplies of the duality and continuity of life, reaches a class of mind which the religious community cannot touch, and that, by its means, thousands are being brought out of a blank and utter negation into the path which leads to God and Immortality. This being the case, it is no wonder that they cannot at once adopt all the teaching, against which they have during the whole of their past life been at variance, nor do I think would it be a gain if they could.

I cannot now dwell further upon this article, for my space is full. Nor do I think any profitable purpose could be served by so doing. Throughout, the one fact is patent, viz., that the writer knows very little of the subject with which he essays to deal. It would be no difficult matter to deal with each point raised, but having exposed its unfair method of procedure, I do not feel disposed to weary my readers with any detailed review.

JOHN S. FARMER.

MONTHLY SUMMARY

OF

CONTEMPORARY SPIRITUAL OPINION.

“LIGHT” (LONDON).

(December 24—January 14.)

We welcome our contemporary in its enlarged form, and trust that its usefulness will be enlarged with its growth.—The B.N.A.S. Discussion meetings furnish two good discourses. Mr. Morell Theobald deals with the religious aspect of Spiritualism. He shows how important it is that the religious life should rest on a solid basis of fact, such as Spiritualism furnishes, and therein he touches the very heart of his subject.—Mr. Everitt's record of personal experiences, read before the same society, is very valuable. He has had great opportunity of observation, and what he puts forward is clear, logical, and temperate in statement. Some records by Mrs. Everitt of her sensations as a medium at different séances add value to her husband's remarks.—Mr. Meugens, now of Calcutta, who is well-known to English Spiritualists, records two cases of instantaneous communication between London and Calcutta through Mr. Eglinton's mediumship. It has been said before that such transmission of written letters has occurred through the same medium's power, though not over so great a distance. This, however, is the first publicly recorded instance in which facts are specifically vouched for over the signature of a well-known man, and great interest has been excited by the record. Mr. Binney suggests that the same agency should transport *The Times* newspaper to Calcutta on the day of publication; and another correspondent cries out for evidence from the London writer of the transported letter. We fear Mr. Binney's test, first suggested by Mr. A. P. Sinnett, is impracticable, but the evidence of the writer of the letter would be valuable and instructive.—A capital letter from Mr. Dawson Rogers to the *Eastern Daily Press* fitly utilised the visit of the *soi disant* Cumberland to Norwich. Mr. Rogers is well-known in Norwich, and his letter more than counterbalanced any little mischief that the “third-rate conjurer” (as he calls him) might do among the feather-headed.—Mr. S. C. Hall demolishes the same feeble foe. Were it not for the mental bias on which he trades, he is not worth powder and shot.—In one series of Notes, M.A. (Oxon.) reproduces from the *New York Sun* a very remarkable account of spiritual phenomena through the

mediumship of Mrs. Thayer, written by Colonel Olcott. In another he discusses at length Dr. Wyld's ideas of the powers of the human spirit. Several very interesting facts and theories are brought out in the course of the arguments on either side. Dr. Wyld claims for the human spirit more power than Spiritualists are likely to concede.—The Psychological Society of Paris have taken impregnable ground in declining to endorse with approval phenomena obtained in the dark. The sub-committee appointed by it to investigate the mediumship of Mr. Husk used stringent precautions, and present a report detailing, without comment, what took place. *They append a notice of their resolve not again to investigate except in the light.* We congratulate them on this attitude.—“E. W. W.,” dating from Lewisham, gives strong testimony to the reality of Mr. Husk's mediumship. His methods of investigation show a familiarity with necessary conditions that is too rare.—Some accounts of “Evenings with Mr. Morse at the B.N.A.S.” are very readable and instructive.—Dr. Wyld appears in his familiar rôle of champion of Christianity against Eastern Faiths, and criticises unfavourably Colonel Olcott's Buddhist Catechism.—Mrs. Watts emphatically denies a stupid rumour that her father, William Howitt, ever renounced Spiritualism. “His conviction of the value to human progress of these investigations remained to the end.” Of course; but it is well that his daughter should say so.—The four numbers are rich in spiritual truth, and must command attention and respect.

“THE TWO WORLDS” (NEW YORK, U.S.A.).

(December 10—December 31.)

The four numbers of our contemporary, the last of which closes the old year, are fully up to the high standard which it has set before it. The contents are of varied merit, and include four original poems, one of which, by Belle Bush, called “An Invocation,” breathes the spirit of true prayer, and is rhythmically smooth and pleasant to the ear.—Another bearing the initials A. J. C., and dated Lucerne, Spiritualists will have no difficulty in referring to the pen of a well-known and excellent writer to whom we already owe much. It describes “The Battle in the Soul,” in the form of a dialogue between Despondency and Hope, Beauty chases away Despondency, and Hope triumphs. There is in it a faint memory of Tennyson's “Two Voices.”—In addition we have two more papers by Dr. Bloede on Spiritualism in Germany, which give a useful summary of what is to be said on the subject. The

writer pays a high and deserved tribute to the energy and efforts of M. Alexander Aksakof.—A curious and striking paper is contributed by Col. W. Hemstreet on what he calls "Mental Actinism." It is curious, as proceeding from "one who occupies a rather indefinite position on the subject of Spiritualism" (as readers are warned in an Editorial), and striking, for the success with which it approaches truth from an outside point of view. But there is in it great confusion between psychological terms, Mind, Soul, and Spirit.—E. C. continues his extracts from his spiritual note-book, and gives some remarkable evidence of Spirit-Identity as well as of Guardianship.—The editor contributes wise and philosophical words on spiritual education, and is specially urgent on the necessity of paying attention to conditions of pre-natal culture.—There is an intelligent review of Wallace's *Miracles and Modern Spiritualism*, which is commended as "a book that should be universally read," though the reviewer excepts to some of the theories advanced.—Judge Dailey enriches the phenomenal records by a clear and very precise account of the materialisation of a child of his whom he lost twenty years ago. The phenomenon occurred in the presence of Dr. Monck, and is similar in kind to those already recorded in England through his mediumship. There were five witnesses: it occurred four or five times: and the "gas was burning sufficiently bright for every object in the room to be plainly visible." The remarkable phenomenon is thoroughly attested.—We can but direct attention to Judge Coit's address on *Worship*, and to many good editorials, among which is prominent a review of the chief events of the old year.

"BANNER OF LIGHT" (BOSTON, U.S.A.)

(December 10—December 31).

"The True Gift of Healing," "The Restoration of the Devil," "The Blessedness of Gratitude," and "The Tares and the Wheat," form Mr. Colville's contribution to the preachments of Spiritualism this month.—In addition, Mrs. Richmond discourses on "The Power of Prayer" with wise and keen insight. It is one of her best efforts.—Wetherbee on O. B. Frothingham and the Free Religious Movement is very good reading. His conclusion will commend itself to our readers: "I feel sure that the spirits are working to that end, and that a hundred years hence revealed religion will not disappear, but will owe its continuance to the incorporation of modern spiritual truth." The events of the late Church Congress will be remembered hereafter as the first sign of the times in this

respect.—George A. Bacon (a name we seem to have missed lately) gives a cheery account of Thomas Gales Forster's lectures in Washington. We welcome Mr. Forster to the platform which he has filled for so many years. No one has done more, few have toiled so long, and we are glad to hear of him in renewed health, and restored energy. —The Editor-at-Large gives an account of his two years' stewardship. He commenced his work in the early days of 1880, and has been at work, therefore, for two years with excellent results to the cause. We are glad to see that the more important letters written during that period are to be collected into a volume; but our pleasure is tempered by the announcement that with its issue the present Editor-at-Large will retire from the direction of the enterprise. He proposes to gather up the fruits of his labours in a number of volumes, and so to close worthily the efforts of some forty years. One cannot wonder that this should be; may he have a peaceful close to his busy life; and may others not less able succeed to his labours!—The *Banner* calls prominent attention to M.A. (Oxon's) criticism of the attitude lately assumed by the Theosophists, and adopts it.—We note the departure to another sphere of life of Washington Danskin, an old Spiritualist, and a frequent contributor to the *Banner*. He had lived out his threescore years and ten, for forty-two of which he had been united to a wife with whom, he said, "he had never had an inharmonious word." That speaks volumes for his Spiritualism! In connection with his death it is recorded that he received through his wife a distinct warning, twice repeated, to "set his house in order," for that his time was short. He did so, working far into the night, and was suddenly stricken by paralysis at 7 a.m., as all was done.—Omitting, for sheer want of space, much that we should like to notice, we quote with pleasure some kindly remarks about ourselves. "The *Review* improves with each number, and the present is super-excellently entertaining and instructive. It ought to have many subscribers in this country." We trust, under our newly-completed arrangements, *that it will*.

"RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL" (CHICAGO, U.S.A.).

(December 10—December 31.)

Andrew Jackson Davis thinks that 120 years is the natural span of man's life, and that the golden period should be from 35 to 85. The facts are against him sadly! He thinks that from 22 to 35 is the time for the birth of children, and that the number should be limited to four. After that, mental and

spiritual cultivation should absorb the energies. The facts are against him again, but his theory is right, though man will not live a century, in spite of it.—Thomas S. Tice gives an account (as he does elsewhere) of some investigations with Eglinton in New York. The materialisations seem to have pleased and satisfied him best. The facts observed include Levitation and Psychography.—Dr. A. B. Spinney on "Constructive and Destructive Spiritualism" is worth careful perusal, and contains many excellent reflections. "Negation and ridicule of the follies and ignorance of past religions is destructive. Has Spiritualism made you a better man and woman?" "No more demoralising condition can exist than when we rely entirely on spirits. It is like a pupil relying on his teacher to learn his lesson for him." The discourse is full of matter that should be read by all Spiritualists.—Considerable space is given to the exposure of another fraudulent medium. The evidence in the Crindle case is, as in many others, conflicting. There would seem to have been mediumship supplemented by fraud. It is melancholy to find such perpetually recurrent cases. They are a heavy blow to honest attempts to disseminate truth.—The Christmas number is full of good thoughts from well-known names, among them Bronson Murray, Lyman C. Howe, Maria M. King, Hudson Tuttle, Herman Snow, Hester M. Poole, J. G. Jackson, Henry Kiddle, and Giles B. Stebbins.—Mr. Kiddle's thoughts on testing mediums are sound. "If Spiritualism is to be a cloak and an excuse for crime, away with it; and if mediums are to be sustained in lying, cheating, and swindling, let it all perish. This constant cry of 'Sustain the mediums, right or wrong, because they are mediums,' charging all their offences—their low, disgusting trickery—on the spirits, is a delusion and a snare, and will, if it is continued, sink our great cause so low that the sun of truth and righteousness will never be able to shine upon it." These are words which, however sad in themselves, are necessary to be spoken, and we are glad to find Mr. Kiddle taking up this position.—Col. Bundy announces a large issue of M.A. (Oxon's) Church Congress Pamphlet. We wish it a very wide circulation.—Dr. S. B. Nichols testifies to some remarkable phenomena which he observed in the presence of Dr. Monck, and especially to his "almost miraculous powers as a healer."—Mrs. E. Hardinge Britten draws a dark picture of popular Spiritualism in England. She thinks one of the pressing needs of the hour is "capable expounders of our faith," and justly denounces "the rancorous attacks on one another" which fill the columns of some journals. With all this, she says that Spiritualism at her meetings "represents

one of the most attractive faiths of the day."—The journal also reprints, and endorses M. A. (Oxon's) criticism on the new Theosophical departure. It is apparently recognised generally as a fair statement of the case as between Spiritualism and Theosophy.

"THE SPIRITUALIST" (LONDON).

(December 23—January 13.)

Dr. Purdon continues his dissertations on "A Philosophy of Materialisation."—A candid and critical review of Rous-tain's *Four Gospels* recommends the work as a good exposition of the views prevalent respecting spiritual philosophy on the continent of Europe. The book is excellently translated by Mr. W. F. Kirby, assisted by Miss Blackwell, and, apart from its theories, is full of instructive matter.—Scrutator contributes a thoughtful paper on "Conditional Immortality and Elementary Spirits." Some of his remarks will be questioned, but the whole article is suggestive. In the Bible, he says, "the destruction of the soul is most plainly taught:" but both "Old and New Testament teach, and this in disaccord with the Theosophist, that, so long as the soul exists, the spirit is co-existent with it. Quite as plainly do the Old and New Testament teach re-incarnation . . . and progress by re-incarnation, we can hardly doubt, too."—Two lectures of Col. Olcott's are reproduced, with a view, apparently, of emphasising his unscientific method as contrasted with that of such observers as Mr. Crookes. They were both delivered in 1875, and are replete with the rather hazy and emotional speculation which Col. Olcott's enthusiasm has often led him into.—Two Spiritualists, known to many, have entered the higher state. Sir William Dunbar, Bart., was a familiar face to Mrs. Makdougall Gregory's friends, and Mr. Joad was an earnest worker at the time of the Slade trial, and in the early days of the B.N.A.S.

"HERALD OF PROGRESS" (NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, ENGLAND).

(December 23—January 13.)

"A Trial for Heresy" is a title that wears a strange appearance in the year 1882. It seems that the Rev. W. Stoddard, Unitarian Minister of Middlesbro', is a Spiritualist of a very mild type, and this the Northumberland and Durham Unitarian Association, speaking by the mouth of its President, regarded as heresy. "They were not going to discuss whether Spiritualism was true or false. If there were Gospel truth in Spiritualism, and he was not going to say there was not, it

would have its day, and when it became popular, they might accept it!" Surely a more ingenuous *naïve* enunciation of a principle of action was never made by one whose vocation is the search after and exposition of Truth. We have no doubt that many Nicodemuses think as Mr. Payne thought, but few in his position would have ventured to say so. Mr. Stoddard in a manly speech avowed his faith as a Spiritualist. The Association cannot eject him, but have withdrawn a petty £20 grant that they used to make to the church.—Mr. Stoddard is a clear and forcible preacher, as appears from a sermon of his on Materialism and Spiritualism. It strikes us as being better spiritual food than most discourses, orthodox and unorthodox, that we have read. That his congregation is divided on the merits of such strong meat as he serves out to them goes without saying: but the thinkers will be on his side.—We see that our Newcastle friends are about to hold another convention. The date fixed is Feb. 10th to 14th.

"THE THEOSOPHIST" (BOMBAY).

(December.)

The organ of the *Theosophists* is this month as full as it was last month destitute of interesting matter.—The proceedings of the Church Congress are republished from *Light*, and the editor regards them evidently as important. "The Spiritualists—and so far the Theosophists along with them—have won the day, and we have good hopes that, whatever happens, it is neither the Spiritualists nor the Theosophists who will be conquered in the long run." For, divided as we may be, in our conflicting beliefs as to the agency of the phenomena, *we are at one as regards the reality of the manifestations, mediumship in all its various aspects, and the highest phases of Spiritualism, such as personal inspiration, clairvoyance, etc., and even the subjective intercourse between the living and the disembodied souls and spirits under conditions fully defined in Part I. of "Fragments of Occult Truth."* This is a highly important modification of the position which seemed to us to be defined in that manifesto. We shall probably have to wait still for a precise definition of the relative positions of the Spiritualist and Theosophist. At times the Theosophists seem to concede nearly as much as the Spiritualists of the moderate type claim. And there are Spiritualists to whom the denial of the universal action of the spirits of departed human beings in phenomenal Spiritualism commends itself strongly. The *dictum* of our contemporary, "If we are wise, and, instead of quarrelling, support each other,

both [Spiritualism and Theosophy] will be found built on a rock, the foundation being the same, though the architecture is different," is much to our taste.—Mr. Oxley's "Philosophy of Spiritualism" comes in for a long review, not of the most appreciative kind. Busiris the Ancient seems altogether too much for the digestion of our Theosophical friends. There are various points in the long notice which are worth discussing, if Mr. Oxley feels disposed to reply.—Trance mediums, notably Mr. Jesse Sheppard, receive some very severe criticism, which seems richly deserved. The loose statements and foolish pretensions, which the article quotes abundantly, are enough to discredit any cause.—*Light* draws the editor's notice by protesting against an avowed intention on the part of *The Theosophist* to collect all the dirty missiles that have been thrown at it in general, and Col. Olcott and Mdm. Blavatsky in particular, and publish them in a column. We hope, with our brother editor of *Light*, that no such step will be taken. However provoked, it would be inconsistent with any true dignity such as befits the study of our subject.—We leave our contemporaries to argue out, What is a fact? *Light* thinks Spiritualism is a fact. So do we.—Gerald Massey's letter in *Light*, which practically asked for further information about Elementals, is reprinted, and an elaborate reply given, which we cannot summarise.—The *Saturday Review's* un-called for and scandalous attack on Mdm. Blavatsky, has produced a correspondence in native papers, which places her position in a light clearer and brighter than any we have yet had. We do not want to concern ourselves with her past, but since her assailants do, it is satisfactory that they should receive such excellent testimony to the integrity of her life, and the high social position which she voluntarily abandoned to disseminate truth as is contained in Mr. Hume's letter. It is to be hoped that the matter may now drop. Grave complaint is made again and again in this number, of the misrepresentation to which Mdm. Blavatsky, especially, has been subjected, and not always by critics of the *Saturday Review* type.

THERE is every reason why man should rest, with regard to life and death, and be happy; for the Laws of Nature are unchangeable and complete in their operations. If we understand these laws, and obey them on the earth, it is positively certain that our *passage* from this sphere, and our *emergement* into the spirit-country, will be like rolling into the blissful depths of natural sleep, and awakening from it, to gaze upon, and to dwell in, a more congenial and harmonious world.—A. J. DAVIS.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF EPES SARGENT : *
WITH AN ESTIMATE OF HIS WORKS.

By M.A. (Oxon.),

Author of "Psychography," "Spirit Identity," "Higher Aspects of Spiritualism," "Spiritualism at the Church Congress," etc., etc.

HIS RELIGIOUS FAITH.

I have said that his conceptions of the religious aspects of Spiritualism were clear. He wrote me, when I sent him my "Higher Aspects of Spiritualism," some words of high commendation, and was especially enthusiastic over the view put forward in that volume that Spiritualism would in the end be found to be the mediator between Science and Religion, as popularly understood. He thought that my idea of a religious system, grounded on the experimental method of Science, was a true conception. "If there is to be a religion of the future, it must be one directly deduced from the data of Spiritualism: for it is the only one that can stand the probings of advancing Science, and be all the more flourishing for them."

He was in belief a pure Theist, with as little of dogmatic theology about him as a man of a religious mind may carry. He did not see much connection between Christ and Christianity. He had no sort of sympathy with those notions of conditional immortality which the Theosophists revived, and on which, when they were discussed at length some years ago, he freely expressed an adverse opinion. His opinions will be fairly gathered from the following extracts culled from his letters of 1879-80:—

[January 9, 1879.] "A pure and simple Theism—what I believe to have been the Religion of Christ himself—freed from all ecclesiastical limitations and theological subtleties, is for me the culmination of Spiritualism. 'God and Immortality' sums it all up. At the same time I see no reason why a man may not be a very thorough Spiritualist, and at the same time hold to some liberal form of Christianity. Your 'Imperator' speaks my own long-held views. . . . Without the religious element Spiritualism will degenerate into mere curiosity-hunting, and you may be sure you are on the right track in striving to save it from such a fate. For this I too am working."

* "Planchette: the Despair of Science." "The Proof Palpable of Immortality." "The Scientific Basis of Spiritualism." Boston, U.S.A.: Colby & Rich. London: Office of *The Psychological Review*.

[Feb. 3, 1879.] "Of all the monstrous, audacious conceits ever engendered on a man's brain, that which would make immortality conditional seems to me the grossest; and when — speaks of 'mere survival without regard to fitness,' I cannot help saying in my mind, 'Who and what are you to suppose that any human being, however depraved and wicked, is so far separate from you or me as to merit annihilation, to be unfit for survival, while you and I are rewarded with immortal beatitude? What sort of effect can your spiritual knowledge have had upon you when you fail to be impressed with the grand, most significant fact that there are psychic faculties in all men, which make the most brutal savage, in one respect, and that perhaps the most essential, your peer, if not your superior?' Conditional immortality (or facultative, as Lambert calls it) indeed! A genuine Spiritualist should be the last of all men to import such a notion into his brain. . . . Yes, my friend, you are right when you say that Spiritualism is at once a science, a philosophy, and a religion. The Science is the synthesis of its undisputed facts; the Religion and the Philosophy must be evolved, and it requires both a *brain* and a *heart* to do that."

[Feb. 8, 1879.] "Charles Beecher admits the phenomena, and attempts to reconcile them with Christianity, which he certainly can do, so far as Christianity may be called the religion of Christ. *But it is generally a very different thing from that.*"

[Jan. 18, 1880.] "The mark of the age is scepticism, or else utter unbelief. Be sure there is no saving salt but Spiritualism, freed from all misinterpretations, exaggerations, and perversions. Reason must be our guide, under the facts, whatever spirit or mortal may say."

[May 30, 1880.] "There is an attempt being made to introduce a sort of Spiritualised Christianity or Christianised Spiritualism, but with little success. All that is profoundly true in Christianity must, of course, assimilate with an enlightened Spiritualism, but all depends on the intellectual and moral status of the individual. The folly is in expecting all to see and read alike. There must be preparation—reciency."

On one subject which has been foisted into Spiritualism his views were liberal but sound. It has been freely said by those who wish to discredit the subject of Spiritualism that its votaries are inclined to view with tolerance a tendency to laxity in the marriage relation. It has been broadly charged upon the movement that, at least in the United States, it is

tainted with Free-love. There has been too much reason for this allegation. Mediumship, if what is said may be trusted, has been abused for purposes of immorality, and the sanction of spirits has not been wanting to the sensualism of those who have brought into Spiritualism the animal passions which before ran riot in other ways. Spiritualism is not responsible for such prostitution of natural gifts any more than it is for the intellectual and moral vagaries of many of its professors. By the very nature of its existence, by its character as a new and revolutionary movement, it attracts to it all such unbalanced minds, disordered and disorderly, as would be drawn within the vortex of any new development. It must needs be. They float on the surface, and give a superficial character to that in which, however, they have no real part or lot. When a newer attraction comes they will be drawn to it, and meantime they gather where they find their kind.

It is not, however, to be denied that Free-love has been heard of far too much in connection with Spiritualism, and in America specious arguments have been put forward which seem, at any rate, to make for laxity in the marriage relation. We have hitherto escaped this in England, and I feel sure that such doctrines are held in abhorrence by true Spiritualists, worthy the name, from whatever land they come. Epes Sargent saw the danger to which, at one time, the movement was exposed from this cause. But it was characteristic of his even mind and tolerant temper that this did not blind him to the terrible evils springing from uncongenial marriages: the life-long misery, the daily sore, the constant dragging about of a chain that hourly becomes more intolerable. He saw how fatal this is to spiritual health and growth, and he desiderated for such unfortunates a speedy release from their sufferings. No one hopes that as society grows more corrupt, self-indulgent, and sensual, the world will grow wiser in the contracting of marriages. Open buying and selling will still go on, and an "establishment," a "settlement," a "position in life" will still be the price of a hideous bargain that mocks at God and dishonours man. Public opinion no longer sees anything outrageous, or even reprehensible, in such transactions—they will therefore increase. Epes Sargent thought, as many others do, that infamous contracts so made should be very easily annulled when dire experience has opened the eyes of the victim to their consequences. He thought, too, where such infamy is absent, that the folly of youth, or the mistakes of later age, should not be irreparable. He writes thus on the subject—one extract out of many will suffice:—

[June 20, 1880.] "What you say is true. The Free-love doctrine of promiscuity is thoroughly detestable—revolting to all not coarsely organised. But I am inclined to agree with Milton on the subject of divorce. When either party finds that he or she is united (perhaps in the irresponsible ignorance of early youth) to an utterly uncongenial and perhaps morally offensive mate, I think that all proper facilities for release (after providing carefully for the welfare of children, should there be any) should be open to either party. That is the extent to which I go. And I agree with Milton that (leaving out the philosophers) it is only when one has himself suffered from the pinch of unjust laws that he has a ready ear for the complaints of those whose lives have been embittered or perverted by them. Some of our greatest men—Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Alex. Hamilton, Dan. Webster, Henry Clay—have acted independently of law in this matter; and so, in passing judgment on man or woman, I would first know the exact state of affairs before uttering words of condemnation."

HIS FAITH AS A SPIRITUALIST.

More than thirty years ago Epes Sargent requested his life-long friend, the Rev. W. Mountford, to look into the Rochester Knockings. His mind had been drawn to notice this new fact, which, however, rather repelled than attracted him. Mr. Mountford reported that the facts were substantially true, but that the subject was very unpopular. Indeed, it soon became very malodorous, and a storm of obloquy roared around those who ventured to avow their belief. This did not move Sargent. Mr. Mountford, with keen insight, says of him: "For the interpretation of a fact, once distinctly ascertained, Epes Sargent had a singular aptitude. In him were united, blended indeed, the intuitive perception of the poet, the analysing faculty of the metaphysician, together with an absorbing assimilating power for knowledge at large. Many persons have one of these endowments; but those who have two of them are a much smaller number; while those who have all three, in such proportions as Mr. Sargent had, are very few indeed, and in that spiritual philosophy which he adopted, he found the exact sphere for the activity of his mind. Among the refracted rays of light which, in our environed condition, we call the daylight of our knowledge, he had a specialty for catching some two or three, and seeing for himself the direction of their coming, and the certainty, therefore, of the central sun, which is the light of the universe. And so his faith in God was what the bugbear of agnosticism could not

abate, and was what even many a priest might have envied."*

He got his conviction, and he never lost it. He assimilated the facts: they became part of himself, not mere gritty fragments of undigested truth. To many a mind the phenomena of Spiritualism are real. Such do not doubt the facts, but they make no use of them. They do not nourish their intellect: they do not nurture their spirit. They are none the better for them: but rather, perhaps, the worse. It was very different with Epes Sargent. The following extracts from his letters will show how earnest was his faith, how strenuous his efforts for the cause.

[Oct. 25, 1878.] "Yes, as you say, 'Let us keep up a bold front, sure that the truth will win.' Some have the advantage of me in medial experience; but I think I am as strong and persistent in my *faith* (that is too weak a word) as if the phenomena had occurred in my own solitary presence."

[Dec. 4, 1878.] "In the *Banner* of this week you will find an article of mine in reply to Dr. Edwin Hartmann, the famous author of 'The Philosophy of the Unconscious,' who now admits the reality of the phenomena attested by Zöllner. In the last two numbers of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* you will find two articles of mine; one a reply to Wellstein's 'Objections to Immortality,' another an address 'To the Clergy of all Denominations.' So you see, the stern demands of my publishers for another kind of work cannot prevent my striking back when Spiritualism is hit. In the January number of *The Psychological Review* you will find my reply to Leslie N. Stephen's 'Dreams and Realities.' . . . I am battling not only for Spiritualism proper, but against the coarse Atheism of certain lecturers who call themselves Spiritualists. There has been too much coquetting with a rank and brutal Materialism under the guise of Spiritualism; and now those who have been educated up to this, drop the spiritual journals altogether for the more piquant atheistic journals. It must be either 'Good God' or 'Good Devil,' not each alternately. Back me up! and may God bless and strengthen you for your labours. Be sure they will not be without their fruit."

[Jan. 9, 1879.] "The fact that instances of spirit-identity are not frequent does not detract from the force of those we have. I am very confident that I once identified my wife's mother. The reasons, though incommunicable, are all-powerful with me, and I cannot have the least doubt upon the sub-

* Rev. W. Mountford's address at the funeral. *Banner*, Jan. 8, 1881.

ject—so marked were the characteristics, and the nameless little traits by which she made herself known.”

[Jan. 18, 1880.] “All the drawbacks to Spiritualism, the apparent retrograde tendency, the disputes, the puzzles, do but confirm my own faith. Thank God! I am not in the least disturbed by them, though I fear the cause may be checked by their occurrence.

“Such an end as that of Serjeant Cox is delightful to think of. I always thought I should like to die so or by lightning. Instead of that I have had twelve years of painful invalidism. God trains us by different ways.”

He had an intellectual scorn of those half-thinkers who turn back from the subject, because it does not agree with their notions of what God ought to do; and of those fastidious purists to whose superfine ideas it is contamination to rub shoulders with a vulgar fact. Only twice, during all the time I knew him, do I remember his being fired, and driven out of his ordinary peaceful self. One was at the recital of an act of meanness, which cast a slur, he thought, on the cause he loved. The other was when, in a rare fit of despondency, I had written to him of the cause in England. I thought that the elements of discord and disintegration were too strong: that union was impossible: that the best thinkers were turning their back on the public movement: and that, whatever it might be in private, public Spiritualism was becoming a thing to which an unsavoury reputation was attached. The reply shows the grasp he had of the essential value of any form of truth, and of its indestructible vitality. That little outburst—“A Fact, of whatever nature, is a divine disclosure”—is grand!

[April 11, 1880.] “I think that Spiritualism, like Mathematics, is meant for those who can take an interest in it, study it wisely, and profit by it interiorly. Those who take Huxley's position that the phenomena, even if true, do not interest him, are a much larger body than we imagine. I am losing every year my spirit of propagandism, and yet growing more and more sure that our facts warrant and verify the great hypothesis of immortality. Those persons who recoil discouraged from the frauds, obscenities, sillinesses, and perplexities of Spiritualism, are, I believe, men who do not properly appreciate the immense significance of our facts, and who are pre-occupied with certain religious notions or theories, which are rudely violated by the rough-and-tumble manifestations. And yet, if we think of the character of nine-tenths of the human beings who leave this earth, I do not see how

, we can escape from the conclusion that the spirit-developments are much what we might expect.

" . . . It is not, as you say, 'the most thoughtful' who turn their backs on these stupendous disclosures (for a *fact*, of whatever nature, is a divine disclosure), and leave us, the convinced, to do all the battling, and bear all the burden. It is those who stop thinking half way—who do not think enough—who seem to attach a sort of human responsibility to the capers of a low order of spirits—it is such men, who, having become assured of a grand fact like Psychography, stop thinking, and turn away in disgust because the spirits are silly, irreverent, or scurrilous. Read what Justinus Kerner said in his day of those highly intellectual gentlemen, editors, and others, who ridiculed his facts because spirits 'trifling and foolish' came through the Seeress of Prevorst. 'These creatures,' he says, 'do exist at this very time, my beloved, however thou mayest, in thy notions of the Creator, consider them so unworthy. There they are, and you cannot hinder them. . . . And suppose the critic to have suddenly departed into the other world, without having got any more sense, are we to doubt the wisdom of the Creator, if the man should manifest himself here as a very jolly ghost indeed?'

"The man who shirks these facts because he does not like them, is not 'a man of thought,' but an arrant coward. Would God have placed us in this infinite universe of facts—gifted us with high capacities 'looking before and after'—inspired us with ever-increasing thirst for knowledge—if He did not mean that we should bravely face, study, fathom, and draw light from every fact that He, in His inscrutable wisdom, had made possible in a world like this?

"'It is unclean!' So is leprosy. But the man who studies it to allay the sufferings of his fellows must be honoured rather than blamed. I have heard a good deal of such talk from men appearing to be sensible, and it is the kind of objection of which I am most intolerant, for it is superficial, and shows that the objector has not qualified himself to discuss what he assumes to pronounce upon.

"The man who declines to satisfy himself of a spiritual fact because it is æsthetically offensive, throws away the opportunity of demonstrating what, if it be a fact, is, as John Bright said to Peebles, '*the greatest fact than can interest a human being.*' All this, I well know, 'goes without saying' to you, so do not imagine that I have put an absolute sense or a chance expression, and fought with windmills. I see such people as you have described every day, and I just wish to express my real estimate of their short-sighted objections.

"It is not so much that 'our methods are wrong' as it is that we have no high literary and philosophical ability enlisted on our side. With the exception of — and — who is there? No! not 'the lethargy that precedes death,' dear friend. Spiritualism can never die. The phase through which we are passing may be a necessary one. Be ever hopeful and full of courage. Such facts as we have cannot be ignored or discredited. They are eternal!"

The indifference of men of science and culture to the facts presented to their notice perplexed him much. He could not understand any man ignoring a fact: nor could he understand that mental obliquity which could fail to discern a fact when submitted to inspection. The Rev. Joseph Cook, about whom he took disproportionate trouble, saw for a time that the phenomena of Spiritualism were real, and, if real, then of vital importance. "He told me," says Sargent, in a letter of April 23, 1880, "he thought the facts of which he had become assured were the death-blow of Materialism." Yet a little cheap abuse in some Evangelical papers soon drove him to announce his "vehement opposition" to Spiritualism. Such minds excited Sargent's scorn. "Intellectual cowards," he called them. "Intellectual triflers," too. They are merely flabby, of the jelly-fish order, with no moral or mental backbone. Here is what he says of them:—

[August 18, 1878.] "You have a firm conviction that we are all of us the subjects of assault from spiritual foes who exercise a disturbing effect on the cause.' I have often thought so. But is there anything so fatal to our cause as apathy? Are not these collisions necessary to keep us awake and thinking? We often say of a book, how much better for its chance of circulation is good round abuse of it than an utter ignoring! And so of opinions, and even of unpopular facts. In the one fact of Psychography (which you and I know to be a fact) lie the elements that must one day wholly revolutionise the ruling philosophers, and much of the so-called science, not to speak of the theology of the present time. And yet how dead the fact lies for the moment, either because men will not accept it, or because, having accepted, they will not think about it. The physicists and people of culture still stand aloof, or scornfully charge upon us Tyndall's coarse slander, that we are dealers in 'intellectual whoredom.' And yet all that we say is, 'Here are facts! Come and investigate for yourself.' Their indifference shows that they are intellectual cowards—simply afraid of our facts—afraid to face them—afraid lest they should come across the inexplicable."

Another distressing subject was the elaborate frauds which disgraced the movement so repeatedly. It was not merely that phenomena were counterfeit, or not what they pretended to be, as for instance when a transformed or disguised medium was passed off as a materialisation. It was that in many cases mediums of established repute were discovered under circumstances which showed that fraudulent preparations for deception had been elaborately made beforehand. He could not understand that one who was the unquestioned vehicle of Spirit at one time should be on another occasion guilty of an elaborate fraud. He was inclined to refer the preparations for deception to spirit agency, and to regard the medium as the helpless tool of mischievous spirits. But he saw that the conditions under which investigations in public circles were usually made were such as to further the operations of these deceivers whether in the body or out of the body; and so his voice was for Light as the great counter-agent. The following extracts show his mind.

[August 18, 1878.] "The unscrupulousness of many genuine mediums for materialisation, in making their preparations for fraudulent shows in case the real should not be forthcoming, is very perplexing and a sad obstacle to our placing those phenomena where you and others have placed the fact of psychography—on a really scientific basis. Can it be that mischievous or tricky spirits influence the medium in these cases? How utterly stupid to incur risk of a disgraceful exposure when the medium is known to have given genuine manifestations! Would the spirits teach us, think you, that these mixed, promiscuous circles cannot be relied on? or is it solely the greed of gain that leads to these frauds?"

[October 25, 1878.] "I have been asked to the séances of — for form manifestations: I have not been, and do not know that I shall go at all. And yet that genuine phenomena have occurred in their presence we have ample reason to believe. Be this as it may, nearly all the great mediums for the materialisation phenomena seem to have been either detected in fraud, or strongly suspected of it. . . . I rejoice to see that all these disasters to Spiritualism do not shake you in the least. And so it is with me. They only make my hand itch to grasp a weapon in behalf of what I know to be the great truth by which the Sadduceism of the age, already of portentous growth, must be met and overcome. . . . These reports of fraud will do us no harm if you can once make as potent a book out of the materialisation phenomena as you have out of

Psychography, making it, as you have, a part of all future psychological science that is worthy of its name."

[Jan. 30, 1880.] "I fully concur in your course of action as to cabinets. No cabinet, no opportunity for fraud! Honest mediums should welcome such action. I can understand those who are not opposing it. . . . If we are cheated by spirits we must hedge in the spirits with conditions that shall convince us just how the thing is done. There is a deep mystery under all this, and it is only misleading to accept as evidence of materialisation what may be only indicative of what is quite another thing."

RECORDS OF PERSONAL INVESTIGATION.

He recorded so steadily what he witnessed of phenomenal Spiritualism that he had little occasion to write me in detail as to any sésances; and of late years he had not concerned himself greatly with such manifestations. He had got his conviction, and his busy life left him little time for gratifying curiosity. He never lost his keen interest in new developments, nor his belief that on such phenomena as Psychography, the Spirit-hand, and such scientifically demonstrable facts, the case of Spiritualism must be rested. At the very last, when mortal life was fast slipping away from him, he emphasised what he had before so frequently written. These, practically his last words, are added as a postscript to his last letter to me:—

"Direct-writing, the spirit-hand, clairvoyance, have been, can be, and will be scientifically verified. Take your stand on them, dear friend, and fear not. Let all minor issues go. Accept all opportunities of verifying them by testimony, and Science must knock under: be sure of that, sooner or later. We have fought it out together thus far on the one line of demonstrable facts. Stick to that. Avoid all merely speculative side-issues—all questions whether the claims of Theosophy are true or not true. We have enough to stagger under in our verifiable transcendent facts. To all objections, the one reply, 'Direct-writing, clairvoyance—what do they mean? what do they imply? what do they involve?' is enough. I hope to write you again before I slip my cable and drift out into the unknown sea. But God disposes.—Farewell, beloved friend,
"E. S."

I quote a few cases of attested phenomena from my correspondence with him. It will be seen once more how his mind had fastened on the significance of the facts which he recorded.

[June 29, 1879.] "Last Saturday week I had a visit from a new medium, a Mr. Powell of Philadelphia. You will see my account of the phenomena which I observed in his presence in yesterday's *Banner*. The most marked manifestation was the production, on the under surface of a slate, while I held one side of the wooden frame and he the other, of a flower drawn as if with a slate-pencil, also the name *Wyonie*."*

[July 13, 1879.] "I had the other evening very surprising phenomena through Mr. Powell in my own house. He took my own forefinger, and without touching the tip guided it, and made it fill my own untouched slate with writing. It could have been no chemical trick. The man could not have touched the tip of my finger—he could not have handled my slate. He did a much more surprising thing before the evening was over—wrote on the under surface of the slate without touching either surface, simply making motions in the air with his index-finger. All this in broadest gaslight."

*(To the Editor of the *Banner of Light*.)

I had a call on Saturday evening, June 21st, from Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Powell. Mr. Powell is the new medium for a peculiar form of slate-writing. I can best give an idea of this by describing as briefly as possible what took place in my library. The visit was unexpected. Six persons beside Mr. and Mrs. Powell were present—three ladies and three gentlemen. A single gas-burner had been sufficient for my own purposes in writing. But at the medium's request I lighted two more burners, and the room was a blaze of light. A pitcher of cold water was brought in, as the medium drinks profusely of it while he is under control. He soon passed under what seemed the control of a powerful Indian spirit calling himself Tecumseh. This control was very peculiar and characteristic, and no one skilled in the phenomena could doubt its genuineness. He spoke only in brief guttural utterances, such as I have often heard from Indians. The medium was in a state of unconscious trance.

I sat at one end of a large sofa, occupied only by myself; the four slates, brought by the medium, were placed near me on the sofa on my right. In a chair at my left sat Mr. Powell, and in another chair about two feet from him, on his left, was his wife, who, by her whole manner, intelligent and sincere, made a most favourable impression on all present.

Before us was a large library table which we moved back a little from the centre of the room, leaving the chandelier with its three burners in full blast a little in front of the table. The rest of the party sat at distances from us of from five to six feet. The coat sleeves of the medium were tied with twine to remove suspicion of his using anything there concealed. He then allowed the whole company to examine the fingers of his right hand. We were free to wipe, rub with pumice-stone, or wash with chemicals, his index finger, the one to be used. As the sequel was to show that this was unnecessary, we simply satisfied ourselves that the finger was all right, and that the soap-stone theory did not apply here. Allowing me to hold one end of a large slate, while he held the other, the medium then waved his fore-finger up and down four or five times, and using the inside tip of it as a pencil immediately covered both sides of the slate with writing as if from a slate-pencil.

[June 19, 1880.] "I recently had a sitting with Watkins at my own house. Only my wife, her maid (who has been 30 years in the family), and myself. The tests were excellent throughout. In the last experiment I got eight lines of writing when the medium stood at a distance of 22ft. from the slates. Again my wife and her maid held out slates simultaneously, the medium being 4ft. off, and writing came on both."

He then allowed one of the ladies of the family to tie her handkerchief over his fore-finger, and writing was still produced through the linen in the same way. Then taking my own fore-finger in his hand, without even touching the tip, but guiding it with his own hand, he made it produce writing on both sides of the slate. The writing was bold, distinct, and legible.

Having a small slate of my own near at hand, I proposed that he should cause me to write on that. To this he readily acceded, and the words "Amelia is here" were written, the reference being to my father's sister of that name, of whom I hardly think the medium could have heard. The fore-fingers of two ladies of the family were then used to produce the writing, and they were fully satisfied that no deception could have been practiced. We each felt a slight protuberance, as if from a blister on the ball of the finger as we began to write. In Philadelphia, where a number of physicians and chemists investigated the phenomenon, this protuberance, as experienced by others, was chemically analysed, and the result published.

[The report, made by physicians and scientific gentlemen, only the last of the number being a Spiritualist, concludes as follows :

The microscopic appearance was that of albuminous cells filled with a pigment. There were also fragments of cuticle and epiphytal structures. The chemical analysis showed the substances were composed of albumen, starch, phosphate of lime, and phosphate of ammonia, with an amorphous pigment matter without any traces of lead, slate, or other substances ordinarily used for writing on slates. During the experiments the hands were covered with towels, handkerchiefs, etc., and yet the substance would appear through them.

The committee have also resorted to all other accessible means to account for this phenomenon, on other principles than those claimed by Mr. Powell, and their efforts have been entirely unsuccessful, so that they are perfectly satisfied that there is no deception or fraud, and that Mr. Powell is not conscious of the production and nature of the phenomenon.

We therefore submit that it is one of those peculiar psychological manifestations that we cannot account for, and as such respectfully present it. Wm. Paine, M.D., B. F. Dubois, John P. Hayes, Alfred Lawrence, Reuben Garter, M.D., Francis J. Keffer.]

Nothing could be more satisfactory, fair and square than all the experiments thus far and to the end. The conditions were perfect. Not the slightest motion or look to raise a doubt, or suggest a suspicion, could be detected.

But the crowning marvel was to come. The slates had been carefully washed by a lady of the family, as fast as they had been written on. The medium at last passed out of his state of trance, and we thought the performances were over. Suddenly a new control seemed to take possession of him, and he called for a big slate. The slates had never been for a moment out of my keeping. I handed him one that had been thoroughly cleaned under my inspection on both surfaces. We stood up, the medium

[Oct. 4, 1880.] "In last Saturday's *Banner* I record some very satisfactory manifestations at my house. My wife had Keeler's hands on her wrists, and every ten seconds I would get her assurance that the hands were unmoved. She has kept pace with me in all my spiritual progress, and is thoroughly sure of the phenomena. Her devotion to me in my present state is unceasing, and but for her I should have succumbed long ago. I look upon the differences among Spiritualists as of no moment in comparison with the importance of our establishing a few simple and daily demonstrable facts like Psychography and the Spirit-hand. Those facts once established, what are the scientific, clerical, and literary world going to do about them? Their mouths will be shut, they can no longer rave against the facts, and we care not how much they may keep up opposition against the theories. It is for you, dear friend, to keep urging this plain, practical view. 'Here is a fact. You can no longer dispute it. Only ignorance can sneer at it. What does it mean?' To all who now undertake to criticise Spiritualism I simply reply, 'Direct-writing or Spirit-hand.' That is enough. I narrow down the issue to 'Do these phenomena occur?' Surely all truth-loving Spiritualists can work together on this one simple basis of facts."

[Nov. 12, 1880.] "Night before last I had some very satisfactory manifestations at my house, Rothermel and Keeler the mediums. Hands came out in good light, under perfect conditions, and wrote, remaining in sight at least 30 seconds at a time, so that we could go up and examine them carefully.

and I, close under the blaze of the chandelier. I held one end of the slate, and he the other. Without touching the surface of the slate, he made motions over it with his fore-finger in the air, as if making a drawing, and then writing something. I reversed the slate, and there on the under surface was a neat drawing of a flower, and under it, in clear, bold letters, the word *Wyonie*.

We understand that this phenomenon, so near to the incredible, comes only with a particular control, who cannot be summoned at will by the medium. Perhaps it is not twenty times out of a hundred that he can get the manifestation. Witnessed as it was on the occasion referred to, the conditions were all such as to place the phenomenon beyond a doubt.

The impression made on all of us by Mr. Powell's manifestations was that he is a genuine medium for a great phenomenon, not to be explained by any material laws known to our present science. In the last and crowning marvel—the production of drawing and writing on the under surface of a clean slate by making motions in the air with his fore-finger over the upper surface—he amply proved the transcendent character of his mediumship. Mr. Powell is stopping for a short time at No. 8 Davis Street, Boston. I sincerely hope that scientific investigators will take the trouble to test the phenomena in his presence. They are not to be answered by a smile of incredulity or a mere conjecture of fraud.—E. S.

No. 68 Moreland Street, Boston, June 28rd, 1879.

We were permitted to grasp them. The light was so good that I could readily read the various messages thus written at three feet from the gas."

It is pleasant to think that he saw some fruit of his labours in the conversion of a few who had previously been living in the cheerless negations of Materialism. He never knew (who *can* know?) to how many his brave words, week by week in the Spiritualist journals, or in his published volumes, had brought strength and consolation. But the subjoined extract shows that some fruit was apparent.

[May 7, 1880.] "My experiments with Walkins have borne fruit. Mr. H——, a life-long materialist, writes me that he visited Watkins, in consequence of what I wrote about him, and what he then said has entirely reversed all his convictions in regard to the future. He was one of the supporters of the *Investigator*, an infidel paper. He now takes leave of his Sadducean friends. Another case is that of Mr. Hiram Sibley, of Rochester, N.Y., a millionaire, and an out and out materialist. His whole character has been revolutionised. Having been ridiculed by some of his friends, he came out with a public offer of 100,000 dols. to any one who would produce, under Watkins' conditions, the same phenomena, and teach him (Sibley) how to do it himself. A pretended exposé came to him to show him how it was done, but failed utterly and ludicrously. Sibley further offered Watkins 50,000 dols. and a farm out West if he would tell him how the thing was done guaranteeing that he would not disclose his secret, would not prosecute him, etc. Of course Watkins was helpless, though hungering for the dollars."

Two books occupied the last days of his busy life. One, the "Cyclopædia of Poetry," of which I have already spoken, and with which I am not now concerned to speak further; the other, his "Scientific Basis of Spiritualism," his last and ripest utterance on the subject on which he had written so much. I heard of it first in a letter dated April 23, 1880. "I have a work to be called 'The Scientific Basis of Spiritualism,' which, if I could only get ten days of entire leisure, I could put in order for the press. I take the ground that a well-attested fact, like that of Psychography, is as much a scientific fact as an experiment in Chemistry." On October 4 he wrote, "I have read the last proofs; hope to send you the first copy soon." And on November 12—"Published to-day. I have already mailed you the first copy." Of that work I shall have opportunity of speaking when I come to estimate the value of his contributions to the literature of Spiritualism.

Here my reminiscences end. Soon after my last letter from him, and before I had opportunity of noticing his last book, the strenuous life was closed, so far as this state of being is concerned. His other ailments, distressing enough in themselves, were supplemented by that most terrible and intractable of all diseases, Cancer, and to that he succumbed on December 30th. His last moments were full of peace; literally he fell asleep. He had done his work, and entered into rest.

OXLEY'S PHILOSOPHY OF SPIRIT.*

BY "ALIF."

THIS is a work on spiritual philosophy, subtle, and very catholic. Mr. Oxley holds out a hand of fellowship on the one hand to the Vaishnavas of the date of the Bhagavad Gîtâ, and, on the other, to Koot Hoomi Lal Singh, and the Adepts of Tibet. But we doubt whether either of these opposing schools would be altogether pleased at the fraternisation, for Mr. Oxley writes with considerable literary ability, and deals with some of their pet theories in a summary manner. It is chiefly with the followers of Vishnu that he is immediately concerned. He considers, as we think with justice, that it is to the ancient literature of India that we must look for the earliest, and, perhaps, the highest spiritualisms of the old world. In furtherance of this theory, he has devoted much time to a translation in a new kind of blank verse of the Bhagavad Gîtâ. To this he has appended copious elucidations. He considers this episode of the Mahâbhârata to be one with the rest of that great epic, and gives it a date that will not, I fear, be recognised by Indian experts. But this much may be said, that the Mahâbhârata is not a legend but a library of legends, and that some of these are, perhaps, the earliest legends in the world.

We propose to give a digest of Mr. Oxley's book rather than a criticism of it. It he falls into errors that would have been avoided by Sanskrit experts such as Professors Max Müller and Monier Williams, they, on the other hand, fall into errors that Mr. Oxley, as a spiritualist, steers clear of. To judge an ancient mysticism without any knowledge of Spiritualism, seems to us like one of Farini's Zulus sending to King Cetewayo an account of the complex engines and loading apparatus of H.M. Inflexible, without any knowledge of hydraulics and steam. The ancient wisdom of the old world

* The Philosophy of Spirit. By William Oxley. London: E. W. Allen.

in the view of Mr. Oxley was enshrined in certain books, which were symbolical rather than historical. From India these works filtered to Egypt, Greece, and Rome. All of them have left their impress; and this has modified and prepared the way for the modern ideas and conceptions which rule the ecclesiastical systems of the West. But to understand these books of ancient wisdom, a knowledge of astro-masonic secrets is necessary. The letter or text of the old Bibles refers to persons, places, and things. This is not the truth, but *inside* all this the truth resides. The letter is only the *appearance* of truth. The genuine truth is the spiritual wisdom embodied within the letter. The key to this secret wisdom is lost, so say the Freemasons:

“Nil nisi clavis deest.”

But Mr. Oxley holds that it is still possible to restore this key; and, basing his system on a work entitled, “Veritas,” by Mr. H. Melville, edited by the brother of the Laureate, he proceeds to show that the inner secret of masonry is to be sought in the stars of the sky.

“But to return to the subject of allegory, as presented in these ancient and also comparatively modern sacred scriptures, they present, in the form of words, the planetary motions of our own solar system, which motion (especially of the planet earth which we inhabit) and relative phenomenal position of the central sun exactly corresponds to the motion and relative position of the embodied human spirit to its central orb of which I have just spoken.

“The allegory begins, astronomically speaking, at the lowest point in the southern arc, which is mid-winter at the point where the old circle is completed and the new one begins. Just at that point the sun begins his upward ascent to the point in the northern, or *royal arch*, where, when he has established his supremacy in the summer solstice, he has proved himself to be the great saviour, mediator, and redeemer of the world; or, in plain words, has saved human life from destruction by famine, and, by his heat and light, has been the means or medium of supplying conditions for the growth and development of that which is the sustenance of life upon the earth.” *

Here is another passage:

“Such is the astronomical base of these wondrous dramas in which the supposed actors are the sun, and stars, and planets. The astro-masonic rendering has a deeper meaning, which is intended only for the initiated. From this astrological science

is outwrought a system of philosophy or intellectual truth, which applies from all and to all time, and which expounds the operation of that great law which constitutes phenomenal nature, the representation and manifestation of an interior unseen universe of spirit. In the phenomenal universe, with the stars or brilliants of the skies for a background, and the sun with his attendant planets as active motors, may be traced out in unerring lines by those who possess the eye of wisdom, or the inner spiritual sight, the course of the human spirit-atom from its appearance in the phenomenal world to its departure therefrom and entry in another world, which is not the phenomenal, but real and abiding."

As far as we understand him, Mr. Oxley does not in any way contend that he and Mr. Melville are the first to have discovered that the stars played an important part in all the old myths. Since the labours of Dupuis, Volney, Bentley, etc., nothing but pure ignorance would deny such a fact. He contends, as we conceive, that these writers caught the outer, but not the inner secret of these myths. This was due to their ignorance of the law of concordances, ignorance of the great secret that the phenomenal world is really a hint, a suggestion, a sketch of the inner and true world, the world of spirit. Plato called this last world the real world, and the other the ideal. "Real" and "ideal" have changed places since his day.

Having made patient studies in the same direction as Mr. Oxley we cordially endorse his view of the great Indian myths. What is very singular is that our author has seized a great truth from the subjective rather than the objective side. His conclusion is unassailable, but the facts that he gathers together for the purpose of supporting that conclusion seem to us sometimes weak. Thus he opines that the Bhagavad Gîtâ is a complete sun-myth, and bases much of his argument on that fact. Supposing this episode to be an integral portion of the early Mahâbhârata it would only be a small portion of a sun-myth, not a complete one. The entire Mahâbhârata is, without doubt, a mystic account of the progress of a human soul from the egg to the angel. We are almost surprised that he did not take that great poem as the text for his discourse. Certainly it would have done him better service in another stage of his inquiry. In tracing the analogy between modern Spiritualism and the ancient wisdom of India he would not have been so much obliged to resort to a process which seems rather like pouring new wine into old bottles.

Much that Mr. Oxley tells us about the grades of initiation of the old mystics is new to us, although in this direction also we have been long pursuing our inquiries. The stages of

spiritual or soul progress were twelve, corresponding with the signs of the Zodiac. In the mysteries of Eleusis (Coming of Light) they were as follows:—

1. Eleusis.
2. Hierophant—the Expounder of the Mysteries.
3. Huperheet—the Priest or Ordinary Minister.
4. Diaconos—the Deacon under the Priest.
5. Diadochos—the Torch Bearer.
6. Photogogue—the Bringer in of Light.
7. Autoptos—the Candidate or Ordinary Visitor.
8. Autopsy—the Sight itself.
9. Hebrew—the initiated Candidate who had passed through all the degrees of the Mysteries.
10. Teleios—the Adept or Perfected.
11. Israelite—the God-Seer purified from all guile.
12. Jew—the God, or the Mysterious Perfection and Deification of the Human Character.

“If,” says Mr. Oxley in another portion of this book, “we must needs use figures to express that which in itself is outside number, then we would define the stages of reformation and regeneration by the number *twelve*: the first three applying to the animal, the second three to the human, the third three to the angelic, the fourth three to the deific states.” In a map of the Zodiac, astro-masonic we presume we may call it, we have four mystic marks. The first is the triple Tau whose mystic motto in masonry is

Nil nisi clavis deest.

No. 2 is the double triangle in Solomon's seal:

Si talia jungere possis sit tibi scire satis.

No. 3 is the triangle in the circle. No. 4, the square in the circle. The inference seems to be that each group of three steps of advance is represented by one of these masonic symbols. Putting masonry aside we believe that this duodecimal division subdivided into four does really give us the early steps of spiritual growth as conceived by the ancients. The subdivision of four gives us the four stages of both the Brahmin and the Buddhist; and the division of twelve gives us the arrangement as invariably set forth in the Indian epics, an earlier record.

It must be understood that by masonry Mr. Oxley does not allude to the embalmed mummy of the present, but the living principle. *Bon vivants* banqueting with a Royal Duke at the head of the table would scarcely be hailed as “Brothers” by the old Ebionites, “naked and of no sure habitation.” It is

conceivable also that a Worshipful Grand Master, with his jewels, triangles, apron, etc., all painfully accurate, would stand aghast at the information that he was only a Zodiacal Figure and an illustrator of the Ecliptic. The masonry that Mr. Oxley alludes to has its Hierophants in the skies. They still make initiates secretly and with severe winnowing.

"The initiate or neophyte who passes through his degrees, and is "baptised" into the "Royal Arch" degree, at this stage comes into the true knowledge of the symbols employed in the Order. And from being a neophyte or learner he is advanced to that degree, then he is installed into the office of Grand Master, then he becomes an adept or hierophant, and thence a teacher, or *rabboni* as it is called in the New Testament.

Here I do not refer to the puerilities of the modern masonic craft, the remains of what, in its origin, was once a great power on the earth, but from which the spirit has fled. I speak of that brotherhood who need no "solemn oaths" to bind them to secrecy, but of those who, intellectually and spiritually, have entered upon the path of true spiritual reformation and regeneration. This Order is secret, simply because the minds are so few that are sufficiently advanced to take in and comprehend a pure spiritual thought and idea, hence they are short of 'companions.'"

Here is another passage that is well worthy of attention:—

"The Biblical geographer, and even Palestine explorists, may map out the surface of the Holy Land, and dig and search among the ruins of ancient towns and cities, and endeavour to descry the spot or locality in which all those things are said to have literally occurred; but the money expended there in these efforts and surveys for such an object is uselessly thrown away. That there are massive foundation stones discovered in the city that is now called Jerusalem (but which name as such was unknown to the ancient Roman and Turk who conquered it and now holds possession), is unquestionable; but the deduction therefrom that they betoken the site of the ancient Temple of Solomon is a fallacy. Any Freemason who has passed into the Royal Arch degree, and who knows the secrets of his craft, can tell where Solomon's Temple was built, who was its builder, and when it was built. *This* Temple was erected without the sound of a hammer or other tools being heard, which simply means that it is not a mundane architectural edifice at all, but the Grand Living Temple of Nature, with the Eternal One for its architect, and angels, spirits, and man for His workmen."

Here we have an objection to raise. The main object of the early Masons and Mystics no doubt was to typify the struc-

tures of the Spirit realm. But Mr. Oxley's indiscriminate sweeping away of all objective temples, borrowed as the idea is from Mr. Melville, is unreasonable and also unnecessary to his theory. He deals far too summarily likewise with prophets, teachers, heroes, and other historical characters. It is quite possible to describe a real personage as well as a fictitious one with the machinery of the Zodiac. Christ he considers quite a fictitious person; but if that is the case, how was it that within about twenty years of his death a bitter controversy arose between the two main sections of his followers on the subject of his teaching? The invaluable epistle to the Galatians makes this fact indisputable.

Of considerable interest is Mr. Oxley's comparison between the spiritual philosophy of the date of the Bhagavad Gîtâ and modern spiritual philosophy. Mr. Oxley announces the two to be precisely the same; but this identity can only be established by a wholesale process, some will think, of explaining away. The doctrine of *Môksha*, or absorption of the individual, and the theory of the metempsychosis, are, of course, the main difficulties. *Môksha*, he conceives, to be the high state of the adept when the spiritual, angelic, and deific powers of the soul were attained by the atom of life; when the individual soul becomes one with the Infinite Spirit. It is not the annihilation of individuality. It is not mere absorption into the great vortex of being. The Pandits of the East will be at issue with him here, but as every error was based originally on some truth, it is possible that the Indian *Môksha* idea grew out of some such idea as he describes. The metempsychosis is also, according to Mr. Oxley, a deep truth misjudged. The returns to earth of spirits in a low plane do not consist in an assumption of the grosser covering of flesh once more. They return to earth by the law of attraction, but are spirits with the spiritual body. The eternal progress in the cycle of being, which was the veiled truth of the metempsychosis idea, is from lower to higher, and not higher to lower stages. Now, although we are willing to admit that in the higher Brahminism there was confessedly a veiled and more exalted teaching, we doubt whether it is sound philosophy to supply that Ancient Wisdom from the stores of the Wisdom of to-day. Are the Higher Adepts unanimous on these points now? Do not the Adepts of France, for instance, preach Re-incarnation? Do not the Adepts of America reject it? Do not the Adepts of Tibet inform us that the fathers and brothers who come back to us at our séances, are non-existent fathers, and "emanating" brothers, the mere smoke and stench of a candle that does not quite appreciate the fact that it is snuffed out?

We are thankful, however, to Mr. Oxley for the light he has shed on the old Spiritualism of India. There is more in his book that we would consider did space permit. There is much in the Ancient Wisdom of India that contrasts favourably with the crude ideas of the moderns. Their God was a living God near them, impersonal, omnipresent, a God *here*, and not relegated to a distant cloud land. The worship of a "personal" God, says Mr. Oxley, is simply the worship of *Self*. It is "the creation of the natural degree of a man's mind which judges from its own conceptions." The Krishna, the Christ, the Buddha, he also conceives to be a *state* rather than an individuality. It is a condition of soul that we can conceive now, and will realise hereafter. The connection between Great Britain and India has a deeper mystic significance than our Indian statesmen and soldiers dream of. The mighty creed that has mocked the vicissitudes of fifty centuries will be renovated, restored, purified by the joint efforts of the younger and the older Aryas.

"*What man is!*" is to be the grand discovery that is to mark the advent and culmination of the new, and now incoming, era; and with this discovery all the secrets of the physical and so-called material universe will be revealed; the fables of the past will be actualities, and the Utopia of the present will become a living reality. This is as certain as maturity follows infancy, and that effects flow from causes; otherwise, infancy is not, effects are illusions, and life itself a nonentity and non-existent.

As I have before stated, our present Bible is nothing more nor less than a reproduction, in another form, of the ancient Indian system, which embodied the same basic, physical or astronomic, and spiritual or esoteric truths, both being resolvable when the scientific and intellectual key is provided. We may now easily decipher what heretofore has been mysterious, simply because the study of the Grand Law of Correspondences has been neglected. From the scientific or physical fact we may discover the intellectual or spiritual reality which it represents in nature. We must ever bear in mind that that which represents and that which is represented are two quite distinct, though not separate, things. The one *is, was, and will be*; the other is continually changing in its aspects, according to the *state* of the life-form which is conscious of being."

THERE is no end of the instances that could be cited of the influence of the mind upon the body, in either prostrating it with disease or restoring it to health.—T. L. NICHOLS, M.D.

MATTER AND SPIRIT.

By HUDSON TUTTLE.

GUIZOT forcibly expressed the value of a knowledge of future life when he said:—"Belief in the supernatural (spiritual) is the special difficulty of our time; denial of it is the form of all assaults on Christianity, and acceptance of it lies at the root not only of Christianity, but of all positive religion whatsoever." He stands not alone in this conclusion. The difficulty to a great majority of men of science and leaders of thought appears insurmountable, and they no longer feel the necessity of defending their want of belief, but smile at the credulity of those who believe anything beyond what the senses reveal.

Not only does the infidel world perceive this difficulty; it is well understood by the leaders of Christianity; for they have been taught its strength in the irrepressible conflict which has culminated in the want of belief of the present time. With this result before them, it is idle for the Church leaders to assert that the Bible is sufficient to remove this difficulty, which has grown in the very Sanctuary, and under the shadow of biblical teachings. While the value of the Bible, and of Christianity, depends absolutely on the belief in immortality, it has not proved beyond a doubt the existence of man beyond the grave: and yet, of all evidence it was designed to give, that on this point should have been the most complete and irrefragable. The resurrection of Jesus Christ proves nothing, even admitted in its most absolute form. If Christ was the son of God, and God himself, he was unlike mortals: hence there is no parallel between him and man, and his physical resurrection does not prove theirs. Even admitting similarity, his bodily resurrection after three days, while his body remained unchanged, does not prove theirs after they have become dust, scattered through countless forms for a thousand ages. If with some sects the resurrection of the body be discarded, then the resurrection of Christ has no significance, for it is expressly held that his body was revived and taken from the tomb.

Scepticism has increased because the supporters of religion have not attempted to keep pace with the march of events, but on the contrary have asserted that they had all knowledge possible to gain on this subject, and that everything outside of their interpretation was false. Instead of founding religion on the constitution of man, and making immortality his birth-right, they have regarded both as foreign to him, and gained by

acceptance of certain doctrines. They thus removed immortality beyond the domain of accurate knowledge, and those who pursued science, turned with disgust from a subject which ignored their methods and conclusions. Hence unfortunately we have had the great army of investigators and thinkers in the realm of matter studying its phenomena and laws, without even approaching the threshold of the spiritual; while on the other hand, the vastly more important domain of spirit, of man's future, which retrospects his present life and all past ages, as well as reaches into the ages to come, was the especial care of those who scorned nature and abhorred reason. Hence the antagonisms, which can only be removed by the priest laying aside his books as infallible authority, discarding his beliefs, dogmas, and metaphysical word-jugglery, and applying himself to the study of the inner world in the same manner that the external world has been so advantageously explored. When this has been done, it may be found that physical investigators have not the whole truth even where they have been most exact. It may be found that having omitted the spiritual side in all their investigations, their conclusions are erroneous to the full extent of the most important factor which enters therein. It may be found that in order to have a perfect and complete knowledge of the external world the internal or spiritual must be understood.

Here we face the time old questions: What is matter? what is spirit? The philosophy of nature rests at last on the foundation of matter or spirit. There is no middle ground. The materialist starts from the atom, which in itself has all the possibilities of the universe, outside of which there is nothing. The spiritualist goes down to spiritual forces, beyond the range of appearance. But who knows of the atom about which such positive assertion is made? Who has seen it? Who has felt, tasted, smelled it? No one. Who by any one of the senses has any knowledge of the atom? No one since the beginning of time; and yet the materialists arrogantly declare that all that is known is through and by the senses, and outside of them nothing can be known in any way whatever. Yet here they have gone beyond the senses and based their system of nature on hypothetical atoms, the existence of which is doubted by some of their leaders.

It would be a waste of time to explore this field wherein the baseless dreams of philosophers and scientists on the nature of the atom have grown like the Jonah's gourd, overshadowing the barren sands. The manner in which the conclusion was arrived at, that the ultimate composition of matter is one of distinct and indestructible atoms, indicates its crude

and childish character. If we take a fragment of matter we can break it into distinct pieces: these can again be divided, and so on until we reach a point beyond which division is impossible. One of these indivisible particles, says the materialist, is an atom. Now it is apparent this conclusion is derived from the gross conception of material division, and the limitation of the mind which is unable to conceive of infinite division.

Endow this atom with the properties of force, or call it a centre for the propagation of force as we please, what are these various conceptions but dreams? None of them explain the phenomena. Yet while the first proposition in the system of materialism is a conjecture, its advocates rest not until they tread the higher ground of minds, out of the atom conjuring life, intelligence, and morality.

But investigation by other means than the primitive experience of mechanical division shows that the atom has no existence as a fixed entity. Professor Crookes has demonstrated that matter has properties unknown to the present race of scientists. By way of illustration, if we suppose a certain vessel to be closed, and the air exhausted until only 100 atoms remain, that hundred leave no space, but occupy the entire vessel. If the vacuum be made more perfect, and only ten atoms remain, the ten still occupy the whole space, and if the process be carried so far that only one remained, it would still fill the space. When an atom attained such size, we presume the atomist might divide it several times, and yet each division would fill the jar. In short, were there but one atom in the universe, that atom would fill all space.

When matter is thus rarified, or, in other words, when pressure is removed as *in vacuo*, new properties appear, and the tangible fades into the intangible, and the qualities of pure force begin to appear. We are assured that were it possible to make the vacuum more perfect, there would arise out of this matter thus freed from pressure, spontaneous manifestations of force or energy. We should have the wonderful transmutation of matter into force performed before our eyes.

Having seen that the ideas of the atom entertained by scientists are immature and simply conjectural, being incapable of demonstration, we find that matter of which the atom is supposed to be the foundation is equally incapable of definition. We can know nothing of matter, for we cannot come in sensuous contact with it, we only know its forces as expressed in phenomena. The succession of seasons, the recurrence of day and night, the teeming earth, the starry heavens, these are manifestations of matter. Matter is here revealed to us as an

appearance. Matter is appearance;—phenomena which are concrete expressions of force. Need it be asked if these phenomena create themselves? Do bodies become organic by the confluence of atoms? Rather, are they not moulded by the forces which through them gain expression?

What is this force? Is it of matter, or independent? We shall find on ultimate analysis that force resolves itself into motion, which is cognisant to the senses only as expressed in phenomena. If we were obliged only to explain the phenomena of matter some theory might be plausibly maintained; fronting one world we might understand it, but we are fronting two worlds. There is constantly present the world of force or spirit, of causation: the caused and the uncaused. We can never rest content that the caused caused itself. We may receive the beautiful theory of evolution, yet we have only the road over which causation has travelled. There we have the iron rails over which life has been irresistibly pushed. Why? For what purpose? By what power? Instinctively we turn to the realm of spiritual causes, for man is a dual being, blending the material and spiritual, and thus facing two worlds, nothing short of a system of nature which embraces both is satisfactory to him.

BERLIN HEIGHTS, OHIO, U.S.A.

AN OBJECTION ANSWERED.—How are the modern observers of some phenomena usually termed supernatural and incredible, less worthy of attention than those already quoted? Let us take, first, the reality of what is called clairvoyance. The men who have observed this phenomenon, who have carefully tested it through long years, or through their whole lives, will rank in scientific knowledge and in intellectual ability as quite equal to the observers in any other branch of discovery. We have no less than seven competent medical men—Drs. Elliotson, Gregory, Ashburner, Lee, Herbert Mayo, Esdaile, and Haddock, besides persons of such high ability as Miss Martineau, Mr. H. G. Atkinson, Mr. Charles Bray, and Baron Reichenbach. With the history of previous discoverers before us, is it more likely that these eleven educated persons, knowing all the arguments against the facts, and investigating them carefully, should be all wrong, and those who say, *à priori*, that the thing is impossible, should be all right, or the contrary? If we are to learn anything by history and experience, then we may safely prognosticate, that in this case, as in many others, those who disbelieve other men's observations without inquiry will be found to be in the wrong.—

ALFRED R. WALLACE.

THE GREAT KINGSBURY PUZZLE.

CHAPTER IV.

Our Special Commissioner.

NOT many hours after the events recorded in the last chapter, an article appeared in *The Daily Banner*, and caused a considerable excitement at the family mansion of the late Sir Rupert Kingsbury; and, we may add, in many other households of the United Kingdom. It commenced thus:

"THE DREADFUL MURDER AT THE HIGH ELMS.

(*From our Own Special Commissioner.*)

"The pleasant mansion-house of the High Elms, in Cropshire, is comfortable, massive, ugly, venerable; standing proudly on broad surfaces of green park, shaded by the ridge of famous elms that give to it its name. It was originally erected in 1637 by Inigo Jones, and the 'classic' pilasters, entablatures, and pediments bespeak plainly enough the handiwork of 'the English Palladio.'" [Here followed a long history of the house, copied chiefly out of *Clissold's Cropshire Worthies*, with an eloquent digression about Sir Hugh, the second baronet, who was slaughtered in the vestibule at the epoch of the Parliamentary troubles. "One feels on this frosty day of December that there are worse fates for Kingsbury baronets than the violent death of that stout old cavalier." The article went on to talk about Christmas and the yule log, and then gave a really skilful narrative of all the known facts of the recent crime. It is almost unnecessary to add that the celebrity of the hour had what can almost be called a special article all to himself.]

"OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER INTERVIEWS INSPECTOR WIGGIN.

"The chief duty of the investigation is fortunately in the hands of an official of singular experience and subtlety. Inspector Wiggin is six feet in height, broad shouldered, massive, powerful, resolute, with heavy eyebrows, a heavy moustache, and with his iron grey hair *tondu en brosse*, to use an expression of our military neighbours on the other side of the Channel. His face has that dry red weather-beaten look that is noticeable in those who have served at sea. His eye is intelligent, his nose a little distorted by a blow he once received thereon, for honourable scars are not confined to our regular soldiers and seamen. His dress is the neat uniform of the Constabulary of Cropshire, of which he is a worthy member. His manner is reserved and reticent, as becomes one of his cloth.

"It is not our purpose to make public at present any important disclosures if such have been made to us by this intelligent official. It is no secret, however, that it is the opinion of Inspector Wiggin that a professional burglar has been the main agent in the transaction. Whether or not he had accomplices within the house is an interesting

matter for conjecture. The instruments of high-class burglary, the 'cutter' and the 'jemmy,' were left on the premises after the crime; and the skilful manner in which a pane of glass in the Baronet's bedroom was removed from its place in the window, and the noiseless boring of a large hole in the window shutter, show evidence of a high school of art. Paradoxical as it may appear, it is considered by those accustomed to deal with crime, that this professional ingredient will render the detection of the criminal all the more easy. The greater the skill employed the greater the chance of discovery. In these days of statistics our criminal classes are numbered, known, and docketed. The slightest movement in the body politic is known to all its members; and amongst these some are always ready for a proper consideration to 'blow off steam' in the argot of the community—that is, to inform the police."

"LATEST INTELLIGENCE BY ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

"A very important fact has transpired at the very minute that we are going to press. Captain Cordingly, of H.M. 8th Dragoon Guards, an inmate of the house at the moment of the commission of the crime, has come forward to state that at the hour of half-past four A.M. he lay like Iago with a raging tooth, and he distinctly remembers a subdued noise as of a chisel or other sharp instrument grating against wood. He did not go off to sleep again for at least two hours. On this point he is quite certain. Considerable importance is attached to this circumstance, because it quite proves that the Baronet must have been killed when still under the influence of an anæsthetic, as it is certain that a mortal stab would have elicited at least one cry of agony. Captain Cordingly listened to the noise without suspicion of foul play. The noise was very subdued, and might have been the effect of his imagination."

CHAPTER V.

Our Special Commissioner interviews Lady Dubnock.

WHEN across the path of a party of ladies and gentlemen there comes something terrible, say, Brigands at a pic-nic, a yachting shipwreck, a revolt of Asiatics in India, the collective mind is, of course, much disturbed for a time; but by and by thought returns from the tragic to the trivial. Folks eat and drink and gossip. At the High Elms they put on evening clothes and morning clothes, they flirted, and Squire Bescott read the prayers. There was also an immense excitement and curiosity to discover the exact motive and the author of the crime that had lately surprised them. To minds in frenzied expectation of something new, the article in the *Daily Banner* was an immense fund of interest. So the stranger was really "Our own special Commissioner." Rumours of this had already got abroad owing to the strange language that he had held with Constable Enoch and Inspector Wiggin. This had been

reported to Squire Bescott, and he had mentioned it at the dinner-table.

"I always thought there was something strange about him," said the Squire.

"That intaglio in his pin is worth £40," said the Professor.

"His coat and waistcoat and neck-tie would not fetch threepence at an old clothes shop," said the Squire.

"His cigarettes are scarcely purchasable in the London market," said Captain Cordingly.

"Dear me, dear me," said the Professor; "this is indeed a strange phase of our epoch that the newspapers should undertake such expensive enterprises. One sends a commissioner to discover the tablets of a prehistoric Genesis; another drags a nation's wrongs to light; a third sends an envoy to ransack the hidden geographical secrets of Africa, and now a journal is to be found willing to enter into a competition with the Home Office, and almost usurp one of its functions. A writer, a Bohemian no doubt, but a man of genius, is willing to come down and cross-examine the chambermaid and the peeress until he has extracted all the information he requires. Country gentlemen were very noisy a few years back, and hotly debated whether a Wesleyan lad or two at Oxford would not undermine Church and State; but they allowed a few halfpence to be taken off the paper duties without comment, thus introducing a new dynasty to England, the Penny Paper."

"He's been pumping my ladies' maid tremendously," said Mrs. Bescott, "and the fat cook."

"I daresay now a man like that is paid £500 a-year," said Squire Bescott.

"Five hundred a-year!" retorted the Professor. "The great Mr. Lundigreen of that journal gets two thousand a-year merely for his letters."

It soon got noised abroad in the establishment that Mr. Orlando J. Cleeve was Mr. Lundigreen in disguise, and that he was to get two thousand pounds for his present job. The reputation of this mysterious gentleman had become enhanced by his being the first to bring to light the fact that Captain Cordingly had heard the noise of the burglars. Captain Cordingly was smoking in one of the shrubberies when he met the photographer at a turn in the pathway, and got into conversation with him. Mr. Orlando J. Cleeve was rolling up some of his eternal cigarettes. He offered one to the Captain.

"Thanks. I am just finishing a cigar."

"Then, after it is done, I hope you will try one, as the tobacco is rather rare. I get it from Moscow."

"Moscow!"

"Yes, from Joldiinsky. He is the only man in Europe that keeps the best. Pray throw that away and try one for curiosity."

"Well, if you insist," said Captain Cordingly.

"It's odd that they have not found out any more of this business, aint it?" said Mr. Orlando J. Cleeve.

"Why, I thought the Inspector was in hopes of quickly getting to the bottom of it. This is wonderful tobacco."

"Inspector Wiggin!"

"What, you haven't much confidence in him?"

"Oh, I didn't say that. How are the family keeping and the ladies?"

"Oh, pretty well. It was, of course, a great shock."

"And the young lady that poor Sir Rupert was engaged to?"

"Miss Henriette Artus!"

"Yes, that is the name."

"Well, that's a different matter. She is quite beside herself with grief, they say."

"She must have been very much attached to him."

"Well, oddly enough, folks did not think that that was the case—at least when she got engaged to him."

"When was that?"

"About two months ago."

"Henriette Artus! In what curious quarter of the globe did she pick up that strange name?"

"She is American, from the South. Her great-grandfather was a Frenchman who came to America with Rochambeau, and settled there after the war. The young girl's family owned some estates near New Orleans, but she lived with her father and brother chiefly on the Continent."

"Is she pretty?"

"She is that! Pretty—that is certainly her form. She has the most wonderful eyes you ever saw."

"Sparkling, restless, French eyes, I know the sort of thing—*indicators* of the worth, wealth, general importance of the man she is talking to."

"Well, not quite that."

"Do you know the definition of a French husband? A gentleman who wastes his life in laboriously piling up a huge mountain of velvets, silks, gems to decorate a goddess, whose smiles are for all other worshippers but him."

"For home consumption I like an English article, I must confess," said the Captain laughing. "Americans and French are all very well. Miss Artus knew how to spend money when I knew her at Rome."

"Mountains of velvets and silks?"

"Andes and Himalayas! Her father was a Yankee millionaire, and she a *millionairess*, with all Rome after her. Such balls! such fêtes! such dresses! The girl had had her wildest fancies humoured ever since she was three years old. And she seemed still a little child playing at flirtation, lavish expenditure, broken hearts, rivalries, duels. There was a duel fought about her, I believe."

"Such an abnormal specimen of feminine perfection must have been thought a great catch."

"Yes, till her father *bust up*. All Yankees *bust up* at last."

"Oh, Mr. Artus, Senior, is *bust up*!"

"Yes, and he is dead. The brother who fought the duel was here the other day. He's a nice specimen, gambler, loafer. Yankee papas strike 'ile, and Yankee sons cast that 'ile on the waters."

"Why did she get engaged to Sir Rupert?"

"Fifteen thousand pounds per annum and an English title! I should just think she could love that. And, Sir Frank, she flirted desperately with him at Rome. Stay, that's her bedroom, we must not talk too loud."

"Opening on to the verandah that runs past Sir Rupert's room. Captain, take another cigarette."

It was on this occasion that Mr. Orlando J. Cleeve got out of Captain Cordingly the fact that he heard a noise which he mistook for that of a rat gnawing at the flooring. A piece of wood was procured, and the burglars' "cutter" applied to it, and then the Captain was satisfied that that was the noise he heard. Sir Frank took much interest in the experiment, and considered the evidence very important. The good Captain Cordingly, H.M. 8th Regiment of Dragoon Guards, was an intelligent, and, no doubt, a brave officer; but he had one blemish: he would dress too like a groom. His trousers were very tight, and composed chiefly of wash leather. On one occasion a tailor, when he was paying for his groom's livery, mistook the master for the man, and handed to him a commission for the master's custom. He was the son of Wigram Cordingly of Sheddington Park. When this gentleman first came into the county, Squire Bescott was rather high and mighty with him after the manner of blue blood in the presence of Manchester dry goods.

Squire Bescott was a broad acreid, broad shouldered Squire, rubicund, healthy, conscientious, plodding; who contributed at least seventeen stone of honest dead weight to the *vis inertiae* of English political steadiness. He had been twenty years on the bench, and was well up in the petty criminal law; if he had a tendency to confuse poaching with the crime of High Treason. The Bescotts, of Netherbank, were well-known in the county, and about thirty years ago they were comfortably off. But modern developments, if they brought two thousand pounds a year to penny-a-liners, raised prices, amongst other objectionable changes, and made two thousand pounds a year a serious sum even in the view of the oldest country gentry. The Squire had had a son, Beresford Bescott, who got rid of much money both in the army and on the turf. And then young Lord Antrobus unfortunately took a fancy to Miss Bescott; and this was found to mean many milliner's bills, much feasting at Netherbank, London seasons, and for one year a shooting in Scotland. It is believed that but for the too eager pursuit of Mrs. Bescott, the young lord would not have been frightened away. He married Miss Farrender,—it is now some years back; and Miss Bescott, whose beauty is a little waned, has begun a flirtation with the atomic theory and Professor Jeudwine.

Miss Fanny Bescott is engaged to be married to Captain Cordingly. The Bescotts, of course, thought this a great descent from the serene

regions of the Antrobus; and to their astonishment they found that Wigram Cordingly, Esq., liked the idea of the marriage quite as little as they did. He was evangelical, and clung to the belief that marriage represented the adding together of two sums of money that should be as nearly as possible equivalent. The young couple had now been engaged for more than a year, and the obstacle was still the elder Cordingly.

Another source of embarrassment to Squire Bescott, although he never would allow this, was high farming. If he could have consented to sit still in his arm chair, and allow his bailiff to manage his home farm without interference, it might have brought him in five instead of one per cent; but he believed that Church and State were mysteriously kept together by stout gentlemen riding about in all weathers, inspecting byres, and pigs, and drainage, and subsoiling. The Squire was nearly sixty, but he could still ride his twenty miles to cover and drink port-wine.

We are wandering away from Mr. Orlando J. Cleeve whom the guests at the High Elms (detained at present in a sort of police quarantine) want very much to see. Even Lady Dubnock is no exception to this rule.

"What can we do about it, Captain Cordingly?"

"Get Sir Frank to invite him to dinner, Lady Dubnock."

"I beg your pardon," said the deaf lady, inclining her ear to catch sounds with greater ease.

"Get Sir Frank to invite him to dinner," said the Captain, raising his voice at the end of the sentence.

"Invite him to dinner! I can't invite him to dinner!"

"No, Sir Frank might—Sir Frank!"

"Oh! Sir Frank. Well I don't see why he shouldn't be invited to dinner if he's a genius. I've met Dickens and Macready at the house of Lady Lyonnesse."

The door of the morning room where this conversation took place happened to be open, and a dialogue between two people, one of whom is deaf, always makes a certain noise. I don't know whether Mr. Orlando J. Cleeve heard these speeches. At any rate he suddenly marched into the apartment with the utmost coolness.

"Captain Cordingly, I wanted to speak a word with you. I beg your pardon. I did not know that you were engaged."

"Oh, it's all right. Let me introduce you to Lady Dubnock."

The lady was highly excited and not a little frightened. Mr. Orlando J. Cleeve spoke at once with great ease.

"Her ladyship, ha! The witness that Inspector Wiggin considers so important in the matter of those diamonds!"

"What does he say?" said Lady Dubnock.

It was explained to her after some difficulty by Captain Cordingly that Inspector Wiggin thought her evidence very important. One or two other remarks were translated to her, and then Captain Cordingly left the pair together.

This arrangement seemed to please Mr. Orlando J. Cleeve. He

at once started the topic of Miss Henriette Artus, and it is to be observed that when he liked he seemed quite able to make himself understood by the deaf lady.

"She is very ill indeed. She scarcely eats anything, and rarely gets to sleep. Her condition is certainly alarming."

"Don't you think it's all *pretence*?" said Mr. Orlando J. Cleeve, suddenly, and with great distinctness.

"Do I think it all pretence? Oh no, not at all!" said the old lady, who, like all deaf people, was more intent at first to catch the exact words that were said to her than to understand them. Then, after a pause, the unusual character of the question dawned upon her, and she added, with some indignation, "I wonder how any one could ask such a question!"

Mr. Orlando J. Cleeve smiled good humouredly.

"I said, Her grief has singular *violence*!" He gave special emphasis to the last syllable of this explanation to let it be seen that similarity of sound must have caused some mistake.

"Ah!" said the old lady, pacified, "I thought the other remark very unfeeling. The poor girl is quite beside herself. I and the Miss Bescotts sit up with her all night."

"She must have been very much attached to Sir Rupert."

"Oh, very much! And yet at first we thought she did not so much care for him."

"Then why did she agree to marry him?"

"Oh, girls are not always madly in love before marriage now-a-days," said the old lady, rather avoiding the subject.

"They say she's a finished *coquette*!" This was another of Mr. Cleeve's knock-me-down speeches.

"A coquette! No, she has a very warm heart! I mean, how can you make so preposterous an assertion!"

The second part of this answer was uttered in a different tone of voice from the first. It had again dawned upon Lady Dubnock that special commissioners sometimes say very funny things.

"I said, There is no ill so hopeless as vain *regret*!" said Mr. Orlando J. Cleeve, smiling once more like one who had to correct a fresh mistake in sound.

"Ah, that's perfectly true. I beg pardon. I don't hear very well! Henriette Artus is a girl in a million, simple, brilliant, of much originality. She is a girl also of exceptional feeling. She nursed me at Rome when I was very ill, sitting up night after night as if she were my own daughter."

Mr. Orlando J. Cleeve paused for a few moments, apparently absorbed in thought.

"I must say, Lady Dubnock," he resumed presently, "that you have exhibited a great deal of courage in this affair."

"I!"

"Yes! so terrible an occurrence taking place in a room quite next door to that of a lady."

"Yes, I was next door ——"

"I suppose you prefer the ground floor."

"No, I always disliked it very much."

"Disliked it—why?"

"Well, it seems foolish and cowardly, but I always had a great fear of thieves."

"But Sir Rupert was despotic, I suppose."

"No, Sir Rupert did not choose my room. He was away when I arrived, and I found that it was the only room ready."

"Who arranged that you were to have it?"

"I don't know!" said the old lady, and presently she added in another voice, "I wanted very much to speak to you, Mr. Cleeve. Mrs. Bescott has been spreading a silly report that Henriette has said odd things when she was a little delirious. It would be a pity if such a wild rumour reached the papers."

The mysterious photographer was very grave when he left the presence of Lady Dubnock. Indeed, the accounts he had received concerning Miss Henriette Artus had been sufficiently contradictory. According to them she was a heartless little girl, insatiable of admiration and costly tinsel. Duels, rivalries, and titled lovers were her toys; and yet she possessed much originality and force of character. Also she was in the habit of sitting up night after night, and tending the sick with the tenderness of a near relation. Then what were these "odd things"?

Outside he found that the whole of the household was in a great state of excitement, for it had become known that an arrest had taken place, and that Dawkins, the groom, was in the hands of the police.

CHAPTER VI.

The Coroner's Inquest.

MR. J. B. WILSHAW, the Coroner, had opened an inquest in the large dining-room of the High Elms, on the morning of the 27th December; and having sworn in his jury of bakers and petty farmers, he carried them off to view the body of the murdered man. But as Inspector Wiggin, to whom the case had been intrusted, announced that he was not yet prepared to bring forward any important evidence, an adjournment was ordered.

But when it became known that an arrest had taken place, and that a prisoner was to appear at the next meeting of the inquest, the excitement caused by the announcement became so great, that for the convenience of the public, it was determined to hold the adjourned inquest in the largest room of the *Pelican*, in Thorpe Magna. The *Pelican* was a gabled hostelry of primitive type, with thatched roof and a creaking sign-board.

Inspector Wiggin, of the Cropshire Constabulary, was the first witness called. He deposed that on the morning of the 26th December he was summoned to the High Elms by Sir Frank Kingsbury, the present baronet, in consequence of a crime that had taken

place that very morning. By the orders of his superior officer, he had at once made a careful examination of the premises. He entered into a detailed account of the result of his investigation; but all this is already in the possession of the reader.

He was cross-examined by Mr. Kimble, a solicitor, who watched the proceedings in the interest of Dawkins, the groom.

"This investigation has been chiefly in your hands, Inspector?"

"Almost entirely. The bench and the baronet have reposed almost uncontrolled confidence in me, powers quite *ad limitum* as the saying is."

"Oh, quite *ad limitum*, Inspector," and there was a laugh led off by the Board School-master.

"And now tell us this," pursued Mr. Kimble, "if the entry was by the simple expedient of opening the door from the inside, where was the necessity of the alleged criminal's running the additional risk of detection by wasting so much time in boring the shutter, and removing the glass from the window-frame?"

"That was all *kid*!"

"With us simple country-folk, Inspector, a *kid* is the young of a goat." This sarcasm caused another laugh.

"*Kid* means trickery," said a juror, who had occasional transactions with betting-men.

"I mean," said the Inspector, "that if they'd merely left the window open after committing the crime, everybody would have known that it was done by some one inside the house."

"But were there not those snow-prints that you've just described to us?"

"Yes, but without the evidences of the 'cracking,' as it is called, the work of an accomplice inside would also be patent."

"Do you think eight thousand pounds an adequate motive for the commission of a murder?"

"The murder was an after-thought; but eight thousand pounds is a booty that criminals rarely hope for—especially in small diamonds which can never be identified."

"Are no other people interested in the death of Sir Rupert?"

"Half-a-dozen, perhaps; but there must be evidence as well as motive."

"If the elaborate appearances of the burglary were all *kid*, Inspector, may not the disappearance of the money and jewels be also *kid*?"

"You won't say so by-and-by, sir, when you've heard all our evidence."

"Never mind what I shall say by-and-by. Attend to what I say now. Why were the 'cutter' and the 'jemmy' left out so conspicuously on the verandah?"

"One plain reason was that the cracksman could scarcely have got away with such implements in his possession. A man hiding such in a carpet bag, and walking along a road, would probably find himself interrogated by the police as a suspicious character."

The Coroner here asked if any of the missing notes had been traced. The answer was that they had not.

Lady Dubnock was next examined.

She deposed to the fact that on the evening preceding the murder she had asked Sir Rupert to show her the jewels. After everybody else had gone off to bed he fetched them. They were in three cases.

"Did anyone else in the house know that he had shown you the diamonds?" This question was from Mr. Kimble.

"No one, to my knowledge."

The Coroner: "Did he put the cases into his pockets?"

"Yes."

"Where did you last see him?"

"At the door of his bedroom and mine. The rooms were contiguous."

Constable Enoch was the next witness called. He was examined by the Coroner.

"Did you arrest James Dawkins, the prisoner, this morning?"

"I did."

"Did you search the effects in his room?"

"I did, with a warrant from Squire Bescott."

"Did you find anything of importance?"

"I found the dagger, which I now produce."

"Was it exactly in the same condition when you found it?"

"It was."

"I see it is marked at the point with something that looks like clotted blood."

"I think it is blood."

The appearance of the dagger, and this last announcement, created immense excitement in the court, which was crowded to suffocation.

Captain Cordingly gave evidence that at the hour of half-past four on the morning of the murder he lay awake in his bed. He heard a noise as of a chisel cutting wood.

"Was your bedroom just above the baronet's bedroom?" asked the Coroner.

"Immediately above it."

"Did you mention the circumstance to anyone?"

"Not at first."

"Why?"

"I thought it was a rat; but I have since heard a 'cutter,' as it is called, working on wood, and the sound is precisely the same."

"How long did you remain awake?"

"Until six o'clock."

"You heard no shriek, no groan?"

"Nothing."

Dr. Wedderburn was now called, and he gave the result of the *post mortem* examination, and other professional details, at great length and with profuse technicalities.

The Coroner: "You consider the wound to have been inflicted with some sharp instrument?"

"I do."

"A dagger might have done it?"

"It might."

"Look at this dagger. Could the wound have been inflicted with this?"

The doctor examined the dagger carefully.

"The wound is a quarter of an inch long at the orifice—this weapon is a quarter of an inch long at two and a half inches from its point. I consider that the wound might certainly have been inflicted with this weapon."

This announcement sent a thrill through the court.

"What is there at the point of it?"

"Blood, I think."

Dr. Wedderburn then deposed that certain traces of a bottle of chloroform having been made use of were brought to his notice. He was of opinion that the deceased was under the influence of an anesthetic when stabbed. Probably it was administered to him in his sleep."

The evidence of Dr. Blunt corroborated that of Dr. Wedderburn in almost every particular; but when questioned about the chloroform, he made the following statement:—

"I am not quite certain that I agree with my *confrère* about the method of the murder. Chloroform, no doubt, can completely deprive a person of the sense of feeling, and also of the sense of what is passing around. But in the preliminary stages of its administration, I am not quite certain that it would help a criminal. At one stage the patient is almost always noisy, and also violent. And I conceive that if you were to try and chloroform a man with a wet handkerchief when in bed, you would be almost sure to wake him up."

CHAPTER VII.

The Baronet's Evidence.

THE next witness called was Sir Frank Kingsbury. On the mention of his name there was an immense flutter in court. The other witnesses had been listened to with much interest, but the facts that they deposed to had most of them already filtered out in the *Daily Banner* and other newspapers. Sir Frank Kingsbury's evidence, on the other hand, was expected to open up new and startling fields of investigation. He was dressed in deep mourning, and looked pale but collected. His voice was subdued but clear. Mr. Orlando J. Cleeve sat near him. He was watching the proceedings with much interest.

"What is your name?" said the Coroner.

"Frank Kingsbury."

"You were christened 'Frank,' not 'Francis'?"

"I was."

"You are Chief Constable of this County?"

"I am."

"And brother of the deceased?"

"Yes."

"You were the first, or amongst the first, to discover that a crime had been committed on the morning of the 26th December?"

"Hicks, the old servant of my brother, was the first to suspect that something was wrong, because he found the door locked from the inside—an unusual circumstance as regarded my poor brother. He came to me, and, in company with Squire Bescott, we entered the room. We had to break open the door."

"From the appearance of the room and other indications, did you come to any conclusions as to how the crime was effected?"

"I saw that my brother had been stabbed and the room ransacked."

"Did you form any opinion as to who had committed the murder?"

"No very definite one. The evidence was too scanty."

"Did it seem to you that a professional burglar must have had something to do with it?"

"It was evident to me that the shutters had been pierced by some one who knew something of carpentering."

"Was the window opened from the inside or the outside?"

"That is a difficult question to answer. A clever burglar can remove a pane of glass in a few minutes. Also, he is able with a 'cutter' to make a large hole in a panel with little noise."

"Could he open a shutter to which a bell is attached without ringing it?"

"I think he might, with very great care."

"From the appearances of the room, do you think that in this case the intruder from without was assisted by any one within the house?"

"I don't know that the room told much."

"Do you know the prisoner?"

"I do. He is James Dawkins, my groom."

"Did he not accost you yesterday morning?"

"He did."

"Will you tell us where?"

"When I went into the stables to smoke a cigar."

"Will you tell us what he said to you?"

"He began with these words, 'Sir Frank, I want to have a word with you.'"

"In a threatening manner?"

"No; he seemed embarrassed rather. I said, 'What is it?' He answered, 'The fact is, I want to emigrate to Australia!' I replied that that was a long way to go, and that we should be sorry to lose him, as he was a good groom. He answered that Australia was difficult to get at, and that a man going there required some capital. I told him that a groom could find work anywhere. He said that he wanted to try sheep-farming, and that that required capital. He then added these strange words, 'You know, Sir Frank, you've come into a good bit of money by that unfortunate occurrence of the other

night!" I asked him what he meant. He answered, "I saw you outside your brother's room at half-past four o'clock, and that's about the time, according to Inspector Wiggan, that the crime was committed. Don't you think it would be a good thing to have a witness like me well out of the way in Australia?" I said, "Dawkins, do you accuse me of the crime of murder?" He answered, "Oh no, Sir Frank; I was always attached to your family, where my father served all his life as coachman; but if I told all I knew people might grow suspicious. I have a dagger of yours that I found between your bedroom and that of your brother. I think that it was lucky for you that it was found by me. There is blood upon it."

"Those were the exact words he used?"

"I have tried to give his exact words."

"What did you say in reply?"

"I said that his words seemed to constitute the crime of attempting to extort money by threatening to accuse of a serious offence; and that I must at once put the matter in the hands of a magistrate. I reported everything to Squire Bescott, and he issued a warrant for the prisoner's arrest."

"I wish to ask one question," here Mr. Kimble broke in, "Is my client confined on a charge of murder, or on the other charge, that of attempt to extort money by threatening to accuse of a crime punishable with at least seven years' hard labour?"

"The charge sheet is 'attempt to extort,'" said the Coroner.

"Then, I maintain that all this cannot be gone into now. This is a murder case."

"I am here," said the Coroner, "to inquire into the death of Sir Rupert Kingsbury, and all that throws light upon that affair is strictly within my province."

"I wish to ask this witness a few questions," said the solicitor.

"You may," said the Coroner.

"On your oath, Sir Frank Kingsbury, were you or were you not in the passage near your brother's door at half-past four o'clock in the morning of 26th December?"

"I was there—but not at half-past four o'clock. Five o'clock had struck before I left my bedroom. It is my habit, immediately on waking up, to consult a very good barometer kept in the library. A Chief-Constable has to visit the police stations of his county a certain number of times during the year, to examine the books, etc., and as many of these stations had to be reached in a dog-cart, I was always on the look-out for favourable days, when the roads were hard. Directly I ascertained that snow had fallen I returned to my room. I am not in the habit of opening my bedroom shutters, as my brother was a light sleeper. Most probably Dawkins has made some mistake in the hour."

"You are quite positive as to time?"

"Quite positive."

"Are you in possession of a dagger?"

"I am."

"Is this the weapon?" said Mr. Kimble, holding it up.

"It is."

"On your oath, Sir Frank, you saw and knew nothing of this dagger on the morning of your brother's murder?"

"Stop, Mr. Kimble," said the Coroner; "What is your case? Do you want to make out that Sir Frank was in league with the burglar outside to steal his brother's diamonds?"

"I have no case at all just yet, and my cross-examination is directed merely to the elucidation of this dark matter. My client suddenly finds himself accused of murder, burglary, and I know not what. It seems to me that, at anyrate, there is no case against him, and that you, Mr. Wilshaw, ought to have him released. Sir Frank admits that the prisoner has always been much attached to him and to the family. What more natural than that in a fit of mistaken zeal he should have rashly sought to suppress evidence that seemed to his untutored mind to tell against his master? The words that he used, as reported by Sir Frank, clearly show that his main motive in getting off to Australia was to find himself fenced and guarded against awkward questions. Neither he nor I want to inculpate Sir Frank nor anybody else. It seems to me that very much has been made out of nothing."

"Stay, Mr. Kimble," said the Coroner; "you run on a little too fast. We are here simply to inquire into the circumstances of the death of Sir Rupert Kingsbury. Nobody is accused as yet of murder; indeed, the Coroner's jury have not yet come to the conclusion that any murder has been committed. But when you go on to say that there are no circumstances of suspicion against James Dawkins, the prisoner, and that he ought at once to be released, I must tell you that there are very grave suspicions. All the evidence that we have heard tends to show that the crime was committed by someone from the outside, assisted by somebody within the house. That is the opinion of Inspector Wiggin,—an able officer—and I think that the general body of evidence adduced admits of no other construction. Well, the search for the second criminal must be amongst a very limited number of individuals; and of these one confesses that he was on the scene of the murder at or about the time when that crime was, in all human probability, being effected. In the possession of this individual is found a dagger with blood upon it. This dagger fits the wound. I do not say that James Dawkins may not be able to explain away all these very suspicious circumstances; but until he does so he cannot expect that justice will release him from her close supervision."

These words of the Coroner produced a great effect in court, and also in the servants' hall and amongst the lunch party at the High Elms. With the fellow-servants of James Dawkins the question by-and-by took an historical and legal turn. What was the extreme penalty of the law of England for the crime of killing a baronet? Jane, a maid-servant, fresh from a Board school, cited the precedent of one Anthony Simcox, who, in the reign of the first James, was

dragged on a hurdle and disembowelled for the murder of Sir Richard Dundas. But the fat cook suggested that this murder was probably complicated with the crime of high treason. In the dining-room, in the absence of the host, a unanimous caucus had decided that Mr. Orlando J. Cleeve should be invited to lunch. One or two of the party had gone to the inquest as witnesses; but the witnesses had not been allowed to remain in court. Mr. Orlando J. Cleeve answered all the questions of the excited party with much clearness. This did not prevent him from doing full justice to a *filet* that took his fancy, and to some very dry sherry.

"To think that it should all be so simple," said Captain Cordingly to Miss Fanny Bescott.

"Like the double acrostics of *The Queen* when you know the answer."

"And to think that the wretch has driven us in the basket-carriage," said Mrs. Bescott. "We have much to be thankful for."

"The fact is," said the Professor, "there is no real romance in these matters except in novels. Criminals, from the Duke of Pralsin to Dumollard, are mere brute beasts, irresponsible; and *causes célèbres* the dulllest of reading."

"Brute beasts—irresponsible! I'd irresponsible 'em all," said the Squire.

"You are not perhaps aware, Squire," said the Professor, "of the recent investigations of an able German physiologist. He examined twelve murderers' skulls, and found in each case excessive development of the worse animal organs, together with this remarkable phenomenon that the right and left sections of the brain in no case corresponded. A murderer like a poet is born to his business."

"At any rate some people had the good sense to execute the whole dozen of them, I hope," said the Squire.

"But the Professor argues that they were victims of a *misfit* rather than a *misdemeanour*," said Mr. Orlando J. Cleeve.

"How very odd," said the Squire, "a London detective coming down this very afternoon." A servant had brought him a telegram.

"A London detective," said Captain Cordingly.

"Why the whole affair was over, I thought," said Mrs. Bescott.

"Very likely they have not heard the result yet of the Coroner's inquest," said the Squire.

"Perhaps the great Chivery himself will come," said Captain Cordingly.

"Chivery—who is Chivery?" said Mrs. Bescott.

"He's the topsawyer of the trade," said Captain Cordingly, "and I once went the rounds with him—the correct thing to do you know—slums, thieves' houses, that style of thing. At the Ascot races the next day, I was in the ring, and I saw him come up to three real swells, one calling himself 'Major,' he just pointed with his finger to the door, and they all walked meekly away."

"I can tell you another anecdote of him," said the Professor.

"When I was in Gloucestershire there was an old Lady Crockett who

accused her maid of robbing her. The old lady it turned out had a mania for doing this; one of the vagaries of insanity. Her case was that certain valuable emeralds were in her jewel-box one night, and the next morning they were missing, whilst the sole ingress to her bed-room was through an ante-room where the maid slept. The maid was arrested, her boxes were ransacked. No trace of the missing emeralds was discovered; and a sister of mine, with whom I was staying, heard some reports which induced her to take up the poor maidservant's cause. She had once lived with my sister.

"I happened to know the Commissioner of the London police. He was good enough to send down Chivery. It is a mistake to think that any private individual can obtain the assistance of a detective without the sanction of his superiors. Chivery instituted searching inquiries into the past of Lady Crockett, and soon came to the conclusion that the girl was innocent. Lady Crockett had evidently robbed herself, and hid the jewels; most probably in some place where they could easily be recovered by her. The detective's suspicions fell upon a certain fish-pond. He examined it, and there he found the emeralds. Watching his opportunity he accosted Lady Crockett.

"My lady, I have been away from this neighbourhood for two months, and I am sorry to hear that you accuse your maid-servant of stealing certain emeralds that belonged to you."

"I do, sir. Who are you?"

"My name? Pollard. Pollard and Sharp, grain merchants." He had taken every precaution to keep his enquiries a secret.

"I don't know you, sir."

"You must have been sleep-walking, my lady, when you flung those jewels in that fish-pond."

"I never flung any jewels into any fish-pond. How dare you say so!"

"Why, my lady, I saw you do it from that hedge, and, finding that you have accused an innocent maid-servant, I have come back all the way from Odessa ——."

"Don't say a word, my good man, and you can keep the jewels." Lady Crockett was in all the flurry of a detected lunatic. The maid was released."

"What a wonderful man!" said Miss Fanny.

"Hundreds of stories are abroad of his sagacity, courage, coolness," said Captain Cordingly.

"What is he like?" said Mrs. Bescott.

"Close shaven, strongly built, with black hair, black frock coat,—intelligent and eminently respectable—" said the Captain.

How odd. I saw a man with a huge red beard and curly red hair. I should know him in a thousand" said Mr. Jeurwine.

"Professor, will you give me a little more of that *filet*?" said Mr. Orlando J. Cleeve.

(To be continued.)